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## LIVING WRITERS OF FICTION.

As the nineteenth century draws to a close, it still finds in the novel its favorite form of reading. Nearly every civilized country has, for the full hundred years (if not for more), given hearty allegiance to this literary form, and fashion, while dictating countless variations of subject-matter and mode of treatment, has not ventured beyond the limits imposed by this form. The public libraries everywhere report that from sixty to eighty per cent of the books circulated are novels; publishers' lists from all

parts of the world show a large preponderance of works of fiction; and the average reader, asking himself what books he has read during the past year or decade, will name half a dozen novels for every book of history, or collection of essays, or volume of poems. If ever a long-felt want was supplied in the history of civilization, it was when the literary instinct of nineteenth century writers realized the fact that the new age was to be, beyond any of its predecessors, a book-reading age, and hit upon the new kind of book that was to supply the new demand. We wonder now what our ancestors ever did without novels (for, from the height of superior opportunities, we cannot give the name of novel to the sort of thing whereof *Dunlop* was the chronicler), and we read with mingled pity and amazement of the way in which they devoured solemn tomes of ancient history, or pastoral conceits expressed in artificial verse, or the chit-chat of the eighteenth century essayist. When we think of the readers of "*Clélie*" or of "*Clarissa*," the situation becomes pathetic, for those eager souls were, in their dull way, groping towards the light; dim and tantalizing visions of the possibilities of romance must have been vouchsafed them; yet no nearer than such *Pisgah-summit* (their *Pisgah* but a sort of foothill) were they ever to approach the promised land.

That fiction has been the characteristic literary form of the nineteenth century is indisputable. That it will occupy a similar position in the twentieth century it would, perhaps, be rash to conclude. Yet the chances of its so doing are considerable; the impulse is by no means spent or even waning; and it would be still more rash to make any equally specific alternative statement. Just now we have no intention of predicting anything, but rather of making the briefest possible survey of the art of fiction in its present state, or rather the most summary sort of catalogue of those chiefly eminent in its practice. Ignoring all ephemeral successes and merely local celebrities, we ask the question: What men and women now living have produced works of fiction of anything like enduring value, works that appeal to a more lasting constituency than that of the hour, to a wider audience than that offered by the immediate environment of their authors?

Of the three or four great novelists that Russia has produced, Count Tolstoi alone is left, and from him there is little reason to expect any further work comparable with "War and Peace," "Anna Karénina," or even with "The Cossacks." The writer of almost first-rate fiction has become a producer of third-rate tracts, and literature mourns the defection. But the great Slavonic North has sent us of recent years, in the person of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, a writer of fiction quite the equal of the Russian soldier turned pietist. His magnificent romantic trilogy devoted to the seventeenth-century wars of the Polish Commonwealth, and his subtle piece of psychological analysis called "Without Dogma," are masterpieces in their respective kinds, and with them Polish literature renews the appeal to European attention first made by Mickiewicz half a century ago. The one notable name of literary Hungary at the present day is that of the veteran Maurus Jokai, who has written innumerable novels, and whom his countrymen have recently taken much delight in honoring.

The step from Hungary to Austria is easy, politically if not ethnically, but no Austrian novelist seems greatly worthy of mention. Probably the most important names are those of Herr Karl Emil Franzos, whose "Ein Kampf um's Recht" is certainly a great novel, and the Ritter von Sacher-Masoch, whose reported dispatch to a better world we recently joined the American press in chronicling, but who, we are now happy to say from later accounts, is still among the living. In Germany, both Herr Spielhagen and Herr Freytag are still at work, although the former is producing poor novels and the latter none at all. But the author of "Problematische Naturen" and "Hammer und Amboss" is one of the great names of German nineteenth-century literature, and the author of "Soll und Haben" and "Die Verlorene Handschrift" is even more assuredly another. Herr Heyse, also, who has written two of the best German novels in existence, remains in the ranks, and may yet give the world a worthy successor to "Kinder der Welt" and "Im Paradiese." The conspicuous group of German novelists who have dealt with the romance of ancient history should in the present connection at least be represented by Herr Felix Dahn's "Ein Kampf um Rom," and possibly also by one or two of the better among the many romantic fictions of Dr. Ebers.

In the Scandinavian countries, the first place among writers of fiction must be given

to Herr Björnson. As a writer of peasant idylls—"Arne," "Synnöve Solbakken" and the like—he first became known to the world outside of Norway; as the author of the two ambitious books of his later years—"Det Flager i Byen og paa Havnen" and "Paa Guds Veje"—he has greatly extended and strengthened his already wide reputation. We will say, parenthetically, that these books are to be had in English translations, respectively entitled "The Heritage of the Kurts" and "In God's Way." Before turning from the North of Europe to the South, a word may be given to the new blood infused into the life of Dutch literature by the somewhat morbid sensitivists, of whom Heer Louis Couperus is the most conspicuous, and another word—this time of unqualified praise—to the Dutchman who calls himself "Maarten Maartens," who has contracted the singular habit of writing his novels in the English language, and whom we should insist upon claiming as an ornament of our own fiction were not his themes so unmistakably Dutch.

It is a little curious that Italy, from whom we have reason to expect much, should have no contemporary writer of fiction deserving of mention here; should have produced, indeed, but one great novel in the course of the century. One need only evoke the recollection of "I Promessi Sposi" to realize how comparatively insignificant is the best that is offered by any Italian novelist now living. On the other hand, Spain, towards whom we had little reason to look for literary activity, has shown a promising development during the past few years, and has produced, in Señores Valera, Valdés, and Galdos, a group of novelists of whom any country might be proud.

When we turn to France, we find an *embarras de richesse* indeed, for France and England have throughout the century shared the highest honors in the art of fiction. While other countries have produced great novelists now and then, these two have been well supplied nearly all the time. At present, although France can boast no Balzac, no "Stendhal," no Flaubert, no Dumas père, and no Hugo, she still boasts the creative genius that gave us the immortal Tartarin and the immense vitality and force that have produced the Rougon-Macquart series, the grace and humor of the author of "L'Abbé Constantin," and the subtle psychology displayed in "Cosmopolis," by the newest of the Academicians. And besides MM. Daudet and Zola, Halévy and Bourget, there are the names of M. Feuillet, M. Cher-

buliez, M. Anatole France, M. Edouard Rod, and so many others that we hardly know where to stop in the enumeration.

Coming at last to the literature of our own language, we find, upon the other side of the Atlantic, that three novelists emerge very distinctly from the group of the older men — Messrs. Blackmore, Black, and Hardy. They have all been prolific, and the best work of each is very good work indeed. Yet no one can fairly claim for "Lorna Doone" and "The Maid of Sker," for "A Daughter of Heth" and "Sunrise," or for "The Return of the Native" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," that they are seriously comparable with the best works of Scott, or Thackeray, or even Dickens. Nor is it possible to admit that Mrs. Humphry Ward has yet shown herself to be a novelist of the rank of George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë. She, as well as the three men whom we have mentioned, must perforce be content to know that their rank is the first only because their age is degenerate. Among the older men we must also mention Mr. Shorthouse, although it seems likely that he will be remembered as the man of one book, just as Blanco White is remembered as the man of one sonnet. But "John Inglesant" is one of the noteworthy books of the generation, and will not soon be forgotten. Mr. George Meredith, too, must be reckoned with the older men, although his reputation (in any broad sense) is young. Whether the unwieldy craft that he has set afloat will escape shipwreck or not is a problem we confess our inability to solve. Among the younger men we have, of course, the eccentric and unclassifiable Mr. Kipling, and such restorers of the good old fashion of historical romance as Mr. Stanley Weyman and Dr. Conan Doyle. We also have Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who has style and invention so happily commingled that he is likely to please at least one more generation than his own.

In our own country, the art of fiction may be said to hold its own, a phrase which means far less than it would in France or England. Hawthorne is the only really great artist we have ever had, and his genius, exquisite as it was, had such close limitations that he by no means answers to the long-felt need for a Great American Novelist. Nor does this much-invoked abstraction show any signs of taking material shape. For neither Mr. Henry James nor Mr. Howells nor the prolific and entertaining Mr. Crawford may the title be claimed. We are sometimes inclined to think that Mr. Bret

Harte comes nearer than any other to achieving the distinction. But the place of honor among our living novelists should probably be given to Dr. Holmes, although "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" lie so far back of the present as to seem to belong to another age. What other living American has given us two novels (or even one) of such enduring interest and vitality?

#### WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

In the death of William Dwight Whitney, which occurred at New Haven June 7, is fallen the prince of American scholars. Others of our countrymen have been and are highly honored for their achievements in learning, but none has so united in himself breadth and accuracy, the power to produce and stimulate, simplicity and singleness of purpose. Scholarship was to him more than an accomplishment, it was a lofty mission pursued with all the force of an intense moral earnestness. Like Lowell's dominating trait of patriotism, which rose to the degree of a passion, was the jealous devotion of Whitney to the service and honor of his profession. It was this which at times caused him (as was also true of our urbane and gentle-spirited poet) to twist his

"gift of words

Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords,  
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing,"

and it is in this depth of devotion to his high calling that we must find the motive for the trenchant vigor of his polemic, and not in any *odium scholasticum* or American assertiveness. To a man of his ideals, the currency of scholarship was debased by looseness of method or inaccuracy of statement, embellished though it might be by whatever daintiness of conceit, or however much it might presume upon unquestioning popular acquiescence.

He was born in 1827 in Northampton, Massachusetts, in a region which has perhaps contributed to this country a larger share of intellectual ability than any other of its size. After graduating at Williams College, he was for three years a clerk in a Northampton bank, and while thus engaged he spent his spare hours in the study of languages, especially Sanskrit. It is not unreasonable to attribute to his acquaintance with the world of practical affairs some of the wholesome breadth and calmness of his judgment in other fields. He was in many ways a man of wide sympathies. He shared with his distinguished brother a strong taste for the natural sciences, being for many years a member of the American Association (attending its meeting in Chicago in 1868), and finding a diverting avocation in collecting minerals and mounting birds. He pursued graduate studies for one year at Yale, then studied Sanskrit and comparative philology in Germany under Bopp, Weber, and Rudolph Roth. His

wide reputation dates from the edition of the standard text of the Atharva Veda, prepared by Roth and himself, based upon the manuscripts, and in every way an admirably solid performance. In 1854 he was made Professor of Sanskrit at Yale, with the additional chair of Comparative Philology in 1870. His lectures on "Language and the Science of Language," originally given before the popular audiences of the Smithsonian and Lowell Institutes, were published in 1867, and at once attracted the attention of the learned world, remaining to the present time an authoritative statement of the mission and methods of philological research. Somewhat discursive in treatment, they are supplemented by his later essays, particularly his chapter on the Science of Language in the article "Philology" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which is of particular interest for its putting of his standpoint regarding the ultimate beginnings of human speech, which, according to Whitney, have their origin in man's practical necessity for a means of communication, and not in any natural existence of names corresponding to certain conceptions. Any attempt to determine how and when this communication first broke forth must remain futile. The prevailing use of the voice for this purpose is a survival according to natural fitness. The first signs were doubtless imitative, whether of sounds heard in external nature or of the natural emotional outcries of primitive man, and such a language-stock as these elements would supply is quite sufficient for the development of actual human speech. While in Germany in 1867 he was asked by the firm of Breitkopf & Hartel to prepare a Sanskrit grammar for their proposed Indo-European series. He accepted the commission, and approached the subject for the first time in a manner corresponding to enlightened philological demands. The characteristic features of this work were its being an attempt to make a scientific grammar based upon the actual facts of the language, rather than on the inherited traditions of native schools, in its giving a full consideration of the Vedic dialect, and in treating the language throughout as accented. It is no exaggeration to say that up to the present time no attempt has been made to improve upon this splendid monument of learning, and that wherever philology is studied the Sanskrit grammar of Whitney is a unique and indispensable adjunct. His complete edition of the Taittiriya Pratiśākhya (1871) obtained the Bopp Prize from the Berlin Academy as being the most important publication in Sanskrit during the preceding three years. His predominant influence in the American Oriental Society, of which he was president after 1884, and to the publications of which he contributed a large share, remained potent and inspiring long after his impaired health forbade his attendance upon meetings. His last great service of superintending the publication of "The Century Dictionary" was brought to a successful close. That work, whose projection was looked upon somewhat jealously as

a sort of premature intrusion upon the field planned by the English Philological Society, has triumphantly vindicated its *raison d'être*, and is one of the cherished possessions of the English-speaking world. He took an appreciative interest in the World's Congress of Philology held in Chicago last year, approved of its plans, and aided in them by explicit suggestion of themes for discussion.

I have a vivid memory of my first meeting with this venerated scholar when, years ago, I made a pilgrimage to New Haven to consult with him about my own plans. He received me in his beautiful home, filled with all the symbols of a broad and refined culture, with a dignified but simple and considerate manner that was most reassuring. In fact, nothing was more characteristic of this great man (who was sometimes represented abroad as a warning example of overbearing self-conceit) than the cordial and unpretentious encouragement he gave beginners in their early endeavors, and the courteous respect with which he entertained their productions, immature and blundering as these often were. In looking on his genial, ruddy face, crowned with its silvery hair, I felt, as perhaps never elsewhere in the same degree, that homage which mankind pays to the eminent scholar, as one of the highest products of civilization and human culture. I have never wondered that a certain professor in the University of Berlin was wont to allude to him as "*die Zierde der Wissenschaft*."

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

#### THE PREDOMINANCE OF THE NOVEL.

When a certain division of literature is, for historical reasons, dominant in current literary production, it is like a drag-net which ensnares divers sorts of fish. It attracts not only the natural makers in that form, but others whose gifts fit them better for some other work but who cannot resist the centripetal pull of this most popular activity. Thus, in the Elizabethan days the drama was the type of literature which represented the age, most interested the public, and consequently engaged the main attention of the begetters of literary masterpieces. And hence it is that we meet with men like Peele, Greene, and Lodge, and later, Cartwright and Shirley, whose call to play-making was not imperative, whose work was more or less imitative. Had the mode of the day in letters demanded the essay or the novel, they would as readily have turned in those directions. Peele was naturally a superior controversialist, Lodge could write so exquisite a prose pastoral as "*Rosalind*"—whence Shakespeare drew his lovely "*As You Like It*,"—and Shirley had powers as a lyricist exemplified in so dainty a song as that entitled "*A Lullaby*."

At present the novel is the all-engulfing literary form. Alphonse Daudet has asked of late: "What shall be the novel, the literature, of the future?"

—as if the two terms were co-terminous and interchangeable. Fiction has made sad inroads upon the ancient and honorable champaign of Poetry; the essay is as naught to it in popularity and applause; while even the stern historian tries to give his chronicle of the past, of "old, unhappy far-off things," a narrative interest, and some boldly throw their history into the guise of an historical romance, albeit their purpose is not artistic but didactic—the imparting of knowledge rather than the giving of pleasure. Fiction, in short, is the modern magnet toward which all literary product and power is drawn. That this predominance is in some ways an evil (despite the indisputable virtues of the novel), that it is possibly fraught with danger to general literary production, is a thesis which will at least bear further amplification.

The injury done to poetry has been alluded to. When Walter Scott, after triumphing in narrative and ballad verse, took up the writing of romances and charmed all Europe, he gave English fiction an importance and dignity hardly enjoyed by it before. Without overlooking Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's testimony that Richardson's "Pamela" wrung tears from the chambermaids of all nations, it is pretty safe to say that with the Waverley Novels our fiction, as a distinct form, gained a prestige which, in spite of fluctuations and what at present some incline to call a woeful devolution, it has never lost. And verse has suffered a proportionate decay of authority. It has come to pass that verse-men adopt a semi-apologetic tone in putting forth their wares, and the *soi-disant* scientific spirit of the age tends to look askance at such activity. To be sure, this indifference to poetry may easily be exaggerated. If the critic go back to any earlier period of English poetry, much the same influences may be detected: the poets themselves timid and knee-supple; their carping judges aghast at the dearth of good work, and with their mouths full of praise of some previous day. Walter Scott's accent in speaking of "The Lady of the Lake," before its publication, has, for us, a curiously tentative and deprecatory sound. And to read to-day such a critique as Peacock's "Four Ages of Poetry," wherein not Scott alone, but Lord Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are dismissed with contemptuous paragraphs, is sufficiently amusing, while suggestive of the irresistible tendency to belittle the foreground in favor of the historical perspective—a strange reversal of the ordinary laws of composition. But aside from all this, it is true enough that contemporaneous poetry is, speaking broadly, tolerated rather than appraised; if the text of sales be applied, the comparatively small editions of verse—the regular edition being 500 volumes, and limited editions of less size being a fad of the time—show the same thing, from the publisher's garish point of view. Look, too, at the relative value set on fiction and verse in the magazines, those faithful registers of popular taste. The story is the *sine quâ non*, the one literary form which must be supplied; the

quatrain or sonnet is tucked in to fill unseemly gaps between articles. Its function is that of a tail-piece. In the days of Good Queen Bess, poetry in play-form was the acceptable mode of literary expression: there was then a happy conjunction of public demand and artistic supply, though whether they stood in the relation of cause and effect is matter for parley. But so much may be roundly affirmed: what the play was to that time, the novel is to this. Those now writing verse must expect and be content with smaller sales, slower reputation, and, in a sense, an uncongenial environment. As a result, the fictional maelstrom sucks in some who in another day would have been poets, or who, having the name of poets, would have done greater work in verse than will ever come from them under existing conditions. It is a curious query, What might Kipling have achieved in poetry in an age which made the poetic drama the recognized mode of expression? This, with two or three of his fine ballads in mind, to say nothing of the dramatic instinct in his fiction, is not so superficial a suggestion as might at first appear. But born into these latter-day conditions, he is an Uhlan of story-telling, who only now and then makes a side-charge into the placid domains of Poesy.

Fiction, again, draws the natural essayist away from his *metier*. Those heretical enough to prefer the essay-work of Henry James to his novels will think of him in this connection; a humorist like Mark Twain, undoubtedly a teller of tales, but hardly a novelist in the full modern content of the word, is another exemplar. The cult of the analytic in fiction has led many writers, whose forte lay in such effects rather than in synthetic creation, into novel-making; and, conversely, perhaps the analytic tendency has been thus exaggerated until it has culminated in *The Story-That-Never-Ends*. Interesting questions and cross-questions arise here. But the main contention, that this modern maelstrom, with its secret undertow, has drawn the essayists into its potent circle, to the impoverishment of the essay—delightful form made luminous by the names of Montaigne, Lamb, Heine, and Arnold—and, as well, to the dubious improvement of Fiction itself, is for easy apprehension. Recently, and in large part due to the brilliant critical papers of such English and American writers as Pater, Stevenson, Moore, Lang, and Repplier, a reaction in favor of the essay is observable, and it may be this will grow into a veritable renaissance. So far, however, it is little more than a beginning; that the reading of the older and standard essayists has been checked by the novel and its half-breed ally, the newspaper, cannot be gainsaid.

But regarding Fiction alone, what are the effects of this autocracy which it maintains in the world of literature? To our thinking, we get bad novels, and too many of them, because of it. The form has so supreme a power, and the emoluments are so glittering, that those who have it in them to do good work lash themselves to unnatural exertions in or-

der to answer the demand, and sell their second-best in lieu of their best, which takes more time. Very few of our modern novel-writers exhibit the conscientious care and leisurely method of Mrs. Ward or Mr. Stevenson. The temptation is great, and the danger extreme. And far worse than this, a horde of hangers-on rush into the field and by their antics, utterly lacking coherence, with no *raison d'être* to justify their presence, bring what is a gift, an art, and a consecrated labor into misunderstanding and disrepute. It is fast coming to the point where a man who has not written a novel gains thereby a certain distinction: and this surely is ominous for the highest interests of Fiction. But it is questionable if the novel will remain indefinitely the dominant type, the maelstrom engulfing the various kinds of literary power and activity. All analogy points the other way, begetting a presumption in favor of some new form, or the revival of an old. It is not impossible that with a new impulse in poetry of the narrative or dramatic order, Fiction will find its elder sister occupying her sometime place as a coëqual. Indeed, the forecast for the drama, uniting as it does the most splendid creative literary energy with action of the most direct and universally appealing kind, is especially bright. And the literary movement in this direction of late suggests an ultimate shifting in the relative importance of those forms of literary expression which in our day engage the interest and affection of men.

RICHARD BURTON.

#### ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.\*

All persons who believe that literature is at once the greatest of the fine arts and the one most available for general study must be interested in the reports that THE DIAL has published concerning the work in English at various American colleges and universities.

The English department is the largest one in the University of Chicago, and very generous provision has been made for it. During the three calendar quarters from October 1, 1893, to June 30, 1894, twelve instructors have given forty-eight courses of instruction in English. Three of these have been in required theme-writing; the remaining forty-five courses have each called for four or five hours of class-room work a week for twelve weeks, except that a few Seminar classes have met only

\*This article is the ninth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); English at Lafayette College, by Prof. F. A. March (May 16); and English at the State University of Iowa, by Prof. E. E. Hale, Jr. (June 1).—[EDR. DIAL.]

two hours a week. During this time, 849 students, counting by class registration, have taken regular courses in English; and 204 more have taken required theme-writing. The number of different persons taking these courses has been 425, not including any who take only required theme-writing.

The following persons will give instruction in English at this University during the year extending from July 1, 1894, to June 30, 1895: Professor W. C. Wilkinson, D.D.; University Extension Professor R. G. Moulton, Ph.D.; Professor L. A. Sherman, Ph.D., of the University of Nebraska (at the University of Chicago only for the Summer Quarter of '94); University Extension Associate Professor N. Butler, A.M.; Associate Professor W. D. McClintock, A.M.; Assistant Professor F. A. Blackburn, Ph.D.; Assistant Professor M. F. Crow, Ph.D.; Assistant Professor A. H. Tolman, Ph.D.; Instructor R. W. Herriek, A.B.; Instructor R. M. Lovett, A.B.; Tutor E. H. Lewis, Ph.D.; Assistant Myra Reynolds, A.M.; Docent O. L. Triggs, A.B.; Honorary Fellow F. I. Carpenter, A.B., Honorary Fellow H. C. Brainard, Ph.B. (Total, fifteen.) All of these except Professor Sherman, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Brainard have been teaching here during the past year. Ten of those in the above list will give their entire time to the work of instruction; five give a part of their time.

One course in English literature, and only one, is required of all the students. This must be taken during the first year of undergraduate work. It seems desirable that the pupil be introduced promptly to the treasures of his own literature; it is well that he should learn early that the condensed milk of text-books cannot suffice for his mental nutriment,—that all the fact-books and reasoning books, taken together, cannot accomplish his intellectual salvation, cannot give him a liberal education. This required course is an introduction to the study of literature. It gives a brief outline of the history of English literature, together with studies in the chief literary forms—the drama, narrative poetry, lyric poetry, the novel, the essay. It may seem to some that more than one quarter should be given to this work, but it is the policy of the University to have as few required courses as practicable. Some election is allowed during the second year of college work; after the second year there are at present no required courses whatever.

Of the elective courses in English literature, each calls for four or five hours of class-room work a week for an entire quarter; except that some of the Seminar classes meet only two hours per week. The courses are arranged chronologically, those that are more general coming at the end. Many important authors and subjects are necessarily omitted from the work of any single year. A condensed list of these elective courses for the coming year is as follows: Old English Literature (Blackburn); Middle English Readings (Blackburn); The Works of Chaucer (Tolman); The Rise of the English Drama and Its History to 1560 (Tolman); The History of the Drama in England from 1560 to 1642 (Crow); Elizabethan Prose (Crow); Elizabethan Seminar (Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters, Crow); The Sources of Shakespeare's Plays (Crow); Shakespeare Seminar,—those plays in the First Folio which have been thought to be of composite authorship, etc. (Tolman); The Interpretation of Representative Plays of Shakespeare (McClintock); Studies in the Interpretation of Shakespeare (Sherman); Critical Examination of the Text of Hamlet (Brainard); Elizabethan Poetry (Carpenter); The Poetry of Spenser (Carpenter); Spen-

ser's "Faerie Queene" (Moulton); Milton Seminar (McClintock); The Beginnings of the Classical Movement in English Literature (Reynolds); The Beginnings of the Romantic Movement (McClintock); The Romantic Poets, 1780 to 1830 (McClintock); The Poetry of Wordsworth (Reynolds); Essayists of the Nineteenth Century (Butler); Nineteenth Century Literary Movements (Triggs); Arnold and Tennyson (Triggs); American Literature in Outline (Triggs); English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century (Lovett); Themes and Principles of Treatment in Novel, Poem, and Drama (Sherman); The History of English Literary Criticism (Summer and Spring Quarters, McClintock); The Elements of Literature (Summer and Spring Quarters, McClintock); Theory and Practice of Literary Interpretation (Moulton).

The University Extension work in English literature falls especially to Professors Moulton and Butler. Since October 1, 1893, Associate Professor Butler has served most successfully as Director of the University Extension Department, and has given sixty Extension lectures. Since January 1, 1894, Professor Moulton has conducted two courses of regular class work at the University, and has delivered ninety-six Extension lectures. No other American institution does so much in this line of work as the University of Chicago. Many courses of lecture-studies in English literature are offered for the coming year. It is not the policy of the University to encourage Extension lecturing on the part of the regular class-room force, though such courses are given under special circumstances.

The masterpieces of our literature are studied at the University of Chicago primarily as works of literary art. If one says that "English should be studied as Greek is," then it must be asked, How should Greek be studied? To investigate every possible question that can be raised in connection with a piece of literature is to be thorough indeed; but is it not possible, in being thorough, to be thoroughly wrong? An artistic whole, like a vital one, is something indefinitely greater than the sum of its parts. We should not fail in artistic study to make the whole the centre of interest. The study of the most charming of the English classics has too often been made a mere starting-point for laborious investigations into antiquities, history, geography, etymology, phonetics, the history of the English language, and general linguistics. The stones of learning have been doled out to students hungry for the bread of literature. Literary masterpieces should be studied chiefly, it seems to me, for their beauty. It is because of their charm, their beauty, that they have immortality; it is only because of this that we study them at all. If the student is not helped to enter into their beauty and to love them for it, the teaching would seem to be wrong somewhere. No study can be too minute and careful which aids one in gaining a vital appreciation of a great masterpiece. An unfailing source of rest and refreshment, a life-long process of self-education, great ideals of life and character,—to all of these the student should gain access through the study of English literature.

For the most part the literary and linguistic lines of study are kept apart at this University; but not entirely. Linguistic questions are sometimes vital to the interpretation of a passage; for example, the word "weird" in the phrase "the weird sisters" in "Macbeth" calls for explanation, and will repay the most careful study. Even in a literary study of Chaucer it is necessary to pay careful attention to his language. I must not be

understood as objecting to the most thorough study of the English language. It is a fair question whether a certain amount of such study should not be required of all college students. According to a great law of education, "the law of the nearest," the history of the English tongue is the most fitting and helpful introduction to the general study of the life and growth of language. Only in the mother-tongue does the student have access to the actual phenomena of speech. Here one boundary of linguistic investigation—the *terminus ad quem*—is the present form of the language; and this meets his ear at every turn. The present life and growth of one's native tongue can be studied at first hand, and is the great source of light for the study of language-change in the past. Few recent movements in education have been more marked than the increased attention given to the historical study of English.

In addition to the two literary courses already mentioned, Assistant Professor Blackburn offers nine courses in Old English, the History of the English Language, etc., for the year beginning July 1, 1894.

Every student is required to take a course in rhetoric and English composition at the beginning of his undergraduate work. Theme-writing is required throughout the first two years. The instructors in rhetoric expect the students to find the subjects for their themes, or compositions, in the various other departments where their studies lie. The principles and rules of rhetoric, they hold, help a man to treat a subject appropriately; but he must find some subject himself, or one must be found for him. A list of topics, together with helpful references, is furnished to the classes. These topics are recommended by the instructors in the various departments in which the students are working, and usually have some vital connection with the subjects that are discussed in the class-room. Fourteen elective courses in rhetorical study are offered for the coming year by Messrs. Wilkinson, Herriek, Lovett, and Lewis.

Every college graduate should be able to prove that he is liberally educated by the grace and skill with which he expresses his thoughts. Much practice in writing is required of every student who takes his college course in the University of Chicago. I trust that it is only because of the youthfulness of our institution that active literary societies do not yet exist among our students. This should be remedied, since the voluntary rhetorical practice obtained in organizations of this kind is most helpful. The University of Chicago has fifteen departmental clubs; these are united in an organization called The University Union. Original papers are read before the English Club by instructors, students, and invited guests. Three clubs are appointed each quarter to present papers at a public meeting of the University Union. A prize of fifty dollars goes to the student chosen by competition to represent each club.

Two so-called "senior" fellowships, or four "junior" fellowships, are assigned to the department of English. These are granted to college graduates of exceptional ability who plan to do advanced work in English. Owing to the large number of applicants, four "junior" fellowships have been awarded for the coming year. Each of these gives to the holder exemption from the payment of tuition and \$320 in cash. Two other fellowships for this department have been provided for this year by private generosity.

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### The New Books.

#### LORD WOLSELEY'S MARLBOROUGH.\*

The prize of £500 offered by the Duchess of Marlborough for the best poem commemorating her husband's deeds was won by the writer of the following stanza:

"Five hundred pounds, too small a boon  
To set the poet's Muse in tune  
That nothing might escape her.  
Were I to attempt the heroic story  
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,  
It scarce would buy the paper."

Since this thrifty bard pocketed the Duchess's guineas the hero of Blenheim has had, as a rule, less flattering critics. Detraction, as well as death, "loves a shining mark"; and the shafts of satire and invective, winged and envenomed by party hate and sped by strong and sure hands, have pierced to the quick "great Marlbro's" renown. Whatever may have been the motives that ruled his conduct, England owes much to Marlborough; and it is high time that his career should be fully reviewed and his genius and services shown in the same clear light that has been shed upon his faults.

Partisans of the Duke, if any there be, will find little to cavil at on the score of scant appreciation in the work of his latest biographer, Lord Wolseley. The two beautiful volumes before us, forming the first instalment of his book, reach only to the death of William III., to the threshold, that is, of Marlborough's real life-work. Leaving thus untouched his crowning years, during a part of which he virtually ruled England and fairly outshone in the field the "Sun King" himself, they cover the period of the gravest of the charges against him; and to this fact we may primarily ascribe their pretty constant, and we think unfortunate, strain of advocacy. A pleasant narrator and a clear and cogent military critic, Lord Wolseley, despite his truth of statement and his occasional censures, plainly holds a brief for his hero; and he proceeds throughout to deny or to palliate his alleged shortcomings, from leze-majesty to bad spelling, with a zeal the momentum of which lands him in the amazing conclusion that the Duke of Marlborough was not only a great captain, but in some sort a moral hero as well. "In moral character," he tells us, "Marlborough was as far above the

age in which he lived as he was in ability above the men who governed it." We may say at once that Lord Wolseley is too good a soldier to be a good casuist; and his honesty, moreover, being at odds with his logic, he usually starts out by stating the case against his client so fairly as to hopelessly weaken his subsequent rebuttal. At some points, certainly, the student of Swift and Macaulay will find reason to modify his views; but even on Lord Wolseley's own showing we think the final judgment on Marlborough must still be that, in the words of the moderate Green, "Of honor or the finer sentiments of mankind he knew nothing."

A notable, and not, we think, a very happy attempt at whitewashing is our author's chapter on the Brest affair—"the basest," says Macaulay, "of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough." It may be remembered that in 1694 William III. planned a naval and military expedition against Brest, which had been left temporarily defenseless by the departure of Tourville's squadron. The town was to be surprised, and secrecy as to the destination of the expedition was of the first moment. The matter leaking out, William's plan was treacherously disclosed to Louis in time to enable him to put Brest in a state of defense, and subsequently to entrap the English and defeat them with great slaughter. Four hundred seamen and seven hundred soldiers were mowed down by the fire from Vauban's skilfully-placed batteries, and Talmash, the English commander and Marlborough's military rival, received his death-wound. Talmash died, it is said, protesting that he had been lured into a snare by treachery—which was afterwards proved to be the case. A century later a copy or translation of a letter from Marlborough to James II. giving full information of the projected attack on Brest was found in the Scotch College at Paris; and he has since been pretty generally held responsible for the disaster and the slaughter of his countrymen. At the time of writing he was in disfavor at court; and his object, aside from a wish to ingratiate himself with James, with whom he had been for some time coquetting, is held to have been to ruin Talmash and to force himself on William as the only Englishman fit for a high military post. Lord Wolseley admits that Marlborough wrote the infamous letter to James, but he denies that he was the *first* informant. His defense is that when the Duke wrote he did so knowing that William's plan had already

\*THE LIFE OF JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH; to the Accession of Queen Anne. By General Viscount Wolseley, K.P. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

been betrayed to St. Germain; and that therefore the French preparations which led to the English defeat were not due to his specific act of writing. "If," says Lord Wolseley, "it be conclusively proved that the preparations were the result of information obtained by Louis from others previous to the date of Marlborough's letter, then this charge falls to the ground." Granting the facts to be as Lord Wolseley states them, his defense—if indeed he means it as such—seems little better than a quibble. For in knowingly allowing the Brest expedition to sail to certain failure and possible destruction Marlborough certainly became *particeps criminis* in the original betrayal; and his meanly writing to James, with a flourish of doing him a service which he knew was no service, is only a further proof that he was, as his foes assert, a virtuoso in duplicity—a man at all points "for close designs and crooked counsels fit." It should be added that our author by no means acquits Marlborough of gross misconduct in the Brest matter. "It cannot be forgotten," he says, "that the great man for whom England built Blenheim palace did intrigue with his country's enemies."

Churchill's course in the Revolution of 1688 is more easily defended. There are junctures at which treason becomes, as Rousseau said of insurrection, "a public duty"; and the landing of William of Orange at Torbay assuredly marked one of them. Protestant Englishmen were by that event called upon to choose between disloyalty to a dangerous tyrant who had repeatedly broken his Coronation oath, and disloyalty to the nation; and the choice lying between a peccadillo and a crime, most men chose the former. A lingering superstition as to "the right divine to govern wrong" alone made the dilemma a real one. Abstractly considered, treason to James II., an arbitrary bigot bent on enslaving his people and restoring a creed to which nineteen twentieths of them were bitterly opposed, was not only justifiable but laudable, and the word must be stripped of its uglier connotations. But Churchill's case was a special one, involving special considerations. What we are to regard in weighing his conduct seems to be: his personal relations to James, the time and mode of his desertion, and, lastly and chiefly, his governing motives. There is no doubt that James had been from the first his fast friend and benefactor, having raised his whilom page step by step from poverty to wealth and from obscurity to distinction. Lord Wolseley's plea that "if we calmly weigh

Marlborough's services and compare them with his rewards, the debtor and creditor account does not seem to be unfairly balanced," is hardly admissible, the double tie of fealty and gratitude being something more than a mere adjustable matter of debit and credit. Besides, the services of which Lord Wolseley speaks were rendered to James the king, who had an official right to ask them of Churchill the subject; when the time came to repay James the man, at some personal cost and risk, Churchill was found more than wanting, for he left his benefactor in the lurch, and this at a moment when he knew his defection must prove decisive. The secession of Marlborough made it necessary for James to leave the field to his rival. In respect of the Revolution, two relatively honorable courses were open to Marlborough. When he found James resolutely bent on restoring Roman Catholicism he should have thrown up his commissions and gone to Holland, as Talmash did, or else he should have followed his master's fortunes to the end. Both these courses meant a leap in the dark; so he elected neither. At no juncture do we find this supremely cool and dispassionate gamester risking a move the event of which could not be fairly reckoned beforehand. While intriguing and strengthening his hand with William he maintained his hold upon James; and not till the chances were plainly and materially against the latter did he unmask. Then he boldly threw his sword in the descending scale and turned it hopelessly against his life-long friend and protector. With characteristic adroitness he contrived to hoodwink the King up to the last moment. Before leaving London to confront William in the field, James made him a Lieutenant-General with an important command. At the final council, after the fight at Wincanton, and Cornbury's ominous flight, when the King left it to the conscience of his officers to fight for him or else to openly and honorably resign their commissions, Churchill, with treachery in his heart, ostentatiously spurned the latter alternative. To further gild his spurious loyalty he even urged the now faltering King to strike a resolute blow for his crown. At this council James made a really touching appeal to the loyalty of his officers. He tells in his memoirs:

"They all seemed to be moved at this discourse, and vowed they would serve me to the last drop of their blood—the Duke of Grafton and my Lord Churchill were the first that made this attestation."

Three days later, "my Lord Churchill," see-

ing his way clear, went over to William; and we confess that the questionable circumstances attending his treason throughout seem to us to outweigh, in an estimate of his character, the extenuating facts that its results were beneficial to his country and that James had forfeited his general claim on English loyalty.

That the hero of Tel-el-Kebir should enlist on a forlorn hope is natural enough; and we need not be surprised to find him trying to show, when he comes to the question of Marlborough's motives, not only that his treason to James was the result of pure patriotism and zeal for religious liberty, but that he acted throughout in opposition to what he believed to be his own interests. Something more than bare logic is needed to show that the leopard can change his spots. The course indicated is so utterly at variance with what is known of Churchill's general character as to be incredible unless attested by the strongest facts. Theoretically speaking, no man capable of sacrificing himself in the cause of patriotism could have acted as he did in the Brest matter. Besides, the fact that as soon as James's restoration seemed fairly probable he began intriguing with him, and unblushingly professed the deepest contrition for his past conduct, is fatal, we think, to our author's case. Tyranny and popery notwithstanding, Churchill showed himself willing, other plans failing, to bring James back to the throne from which he himself, more than any other Englishman, had helped to oust him. The scene between Churchill and the Jacobite agent is instructive: "Will you," pleaded the penitent rebel, "will you be my intercessor with the King? Will you tell him what I suffer? My crimes now appear to me in their true light; and I shrink with horror from the contemplation. The thought of them is with me day and night. I sit down to table; but I cannot eat. I throw myself on my bed; but I cannot sleep," etc., etc. Perhaps Macaulay is not so far from the truth when he adds, "the loss of half a guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and to disturb his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience." To follow the tortuous maze of Churchill's policy is difficult enough; but it is probable that, at bottom, his intrigue with James was only a part of his main design of placing on the throne his wife's puppet and "the Church's wet-nurse, Goody Anne."\*

That Churchill's religion was a factor in his

disloyalty to James is beyond dispute. His Protestantism, while more a matter of early inoculation than reasoned conviction, was sincere; and he honorably resisted all temptations to abjure it. In this solitary virtue is rooted the disproof of our author's statement that Churchill, in aiding William to the throne, believed that he was sacrificing his own interests. It had finally grown clear to him that, under James, his only road to immediate advancement lay through apostasy — "the one crime from which his soul recoiled." It was even evident, as we read in the *Duchess of Marlborough's Vindication*, "that as things were carried on by King James, everybody sooner or later must be ruined who would not become a Roman Catholic." Churchill did not wish to apostatize, still less did he wish to be ruined; and events soon showed him a way out of the dilemma. Rarely skilled in casting the political horoscope, he read in the growing discontents in the kingdom that even apostasy, whatever its immediate rewards, was likely to prove a most doubtful way of advancing his interests in the future. James's fatuity in, treating like serfs a free people who had within the memory of the living sent their King to the scaffold for less, would plainly sooner or later cost him his throne; and a Protestant successor was inevitable. Everything pointed to William of Orange as the most popular claimant. As soon as all this was clear to Churchill he made overtures to William, and the event as usual proved his calculations to be correct. Such extraordinary services as he had it in his power to render, through his talents, his military commands, and, above all, through his influence over William's strongest rival, Anne, could not go unrewarded; nor did they. On William's accession he was promptly made Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Earl of Marlborough, and was once more on the high road to preferment.

Allowing then all reasonable weight in the matter to Churchill's Protestantism, and even crediting him with a possible flash of fitful patriotism, it seems clear that his course in 1688 might well have been dictated by the most cold-blooded self-interest. He had nothing to gain, as events were going, in standing by James; he had everything to gain in going over to William. In fact Marlborough's course in the Revolution, when calmly considered, seems of a piece with his whole life and temper. His sense of James's past benefactions quickly vanished with his hope of benefactions to come; and throughout the war of conflict-

\* Walpole's epithet.

ing policies and interests, cool and self-centred as at Blenheim and Malplaquet, he fought, like the Smith of Perth, "for his own hand."

The world, or the saner and humaner part of it, will cheerfully agree with our author in condoning such of Marlborough's errors as may be fairly laid to the score of youth. It is mostly your "Unco Guid," or those frost-bitten souls who find their melancholy account in "damning sins they have no mind to," who are implacable in these cases. Marlborough's early surroundings, too, were of the worst, and would have tried Saint Anthony. To a handsome youth like John Churchill the court of Charles II., where chastity was scorned and common decency was laughed at as prudish, was a hot-bed of temptation; and Lord Wolseley admits that his hero was naturally no Joseph. What Charles's court ladies were is indicated by the outspoken Pepys, who says: "Few will venture upon them for wives. My Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say that her daughter (not above a year or two old) will be the first mayd in the court that will be married"; while as to the court gentlemen, we read of "orgies at which the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and other dignitaries, drank themselves into a quarrelsome frenzy, and ended by stripping to their shirts." The court of the Restoration was little better than a magnified bagnio; and the king who presided over it and set the mode in morals and manners was, with all his easy *bonhomie* and his singular turn for science, a Yahoo at bottom. That Churchill did not pass through the fire unscathed is not to be charged against him too severely. But here again his more or less venial errors were tainted and blackened by their sordid accompaniments. Avarice in youth is as ugly as lewdness in age; and at two-and-twenty Churchill seems to have been steeped in this "good old-gentlemanly vice." We can forgive and even smile at his escapade of leaping through the Castlemaine's window to avoid "Old Rowley," who had been apprised of his poaching; but when we learn that he afterwards accepted and carefully invested her ladyship's draft in payment of his agility, our good-humor cools. There is probably more malice than truth in Pope's couplet touching this draft—

"The gallant, too, to whom she paid it down,  
Lived to refuse his mistress half a crown"—

but it is pretty clear that Churchill, "thrifty even in his vices," took wages compared to which the spoils of Turpin were nowadays

counted honorable gains. Our author substantially, and perhaps not altogether unjustly, partly excuses this acceptance of money on the ground that "they all did it," and he inclines to laud its investment as a case of thrift and foresight rather remarkable in so young a man. Thrift and foresight it certainly was; for the Castlemaine gift, swelled by similar contributions from like quarters, proved to be the germ of the largest private fortune in Europe. Marlborough's parsimony is neatly satirized in a verse suggested by the bridge at Blenheim—a pretentious structure spanning a rivulet which trickles sparingly below:

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows,  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

Lord Wolseley takes issue with those who have charged Marlborough with gross illiteracy. He admits that his spelling was bad, but he urges that "in his time there was no recognized standard of spelling, and that if he failed in this respect, it was in company with Lord Chancellor Somers and a host of other well-known and even learned contemporaries." To carp at genius on the score of sixpenny defects which a year's schooling might have remedied is a small business; and England may well forgive the victor of Blenheim for signing himself "Your lordchipe's humbell servant."

We should regret if, while dwelling at length on those views of Lord Wolseley's which seem to us questionable, we had conveyed the impression that his book is a misleading or in the least degree an uncandid one; and we repeat that its fairness and fulness of statement offset its sometimes doubtful logic. Ample data are furnished from which the reader may draw his own conclusions. The story of Marlborough's boyhood and school-days and of his youth is given with a fulness heretofore unattempted; and the author has added a succinct and lively account of his period and of the people about him. The portraits of Charles and of James, of Sarah Jennings and her devoted "Mrs. Morley," are capitally done, and show beyond question that Lord Wolseley, unlike his hero, can use the pen as well as the sword. Altogether admirable is the account of Sedgemoor—and here our author has a signal advantage over Macaulay in that he is a thorough military expert. His story of the battle is a foretaste of the treat awaiting us in the promised volumes embracing Queen Anne's wars. A man of action and a man of his time, Lord Wolseley treats himself to occasional "asides" (usually at the expense of the chronically-indignant

British taxpayer) on current questions. Commenting on Sedgemoor, he says:

"This, the last battle fought in England, was fought to secure James his crown. If through the folly and parsimony of our people we should ever see another, it will be fought in defence of London. The struggle will be not for a dynasty, but for our own very existence as an independent nation. Are we prepared to meet it? The politician says Yes; the soldier and the sailor say No."

Describing Monmouth, he says:

"He was one of that sort of cut-and-dried, old-fashioned officers, who could not believe it possible that badly-armed, slovenly-looking regiments, untrained in the formal evolutions of a regular army, could be of any real military value. To officers of his class it was, and still is, heresy to hold that a man can be capable of doing a soldier's work unless he is dressed like a cockatoo, and drilled to stand like a ramrod, with his nose in the air."

What would the Prussian drill-sergeant say to that?

There are many illustrations—largely portraits after the Buccleugh miniatures; and the volumes are at all points beautiful and even sumptuous pieces of book-making. E. G. J.

#### THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE PARIS QUAYS.\*

One of the earliest and most devoted of the class known as "book-lovers"—those uncorrupted and unjaded mortals who love and reverence a book *per se* as well as for what it contains—was the good Bishop of Durham, Richard de Bury (1287-1345). "O Blessed God of Gods in Zion!" he writes in his *Philobiblon*, "how great a flood of pleasure delighted our heart as often as we had leisure to visit and sojourn at Paris, the paradise of the world, where the days always seemed to us but few for the greatness of the love that we had. There are delightful libraries, fragrant beyond stores of spices; there are green pleasure-gardens of all kinds of volumes." The quays of Paris were undreamed of in de Bury's philosophy. The books he saw were not objects of barter in numberless stalls planted along the banks of the Seine. They were the volumes in manuscript compiled by monkish scribes, with all the bravery of rubrication, and ornamentation in gold and colors, known to the plodding artists of mediæval days. Movable types and printing presses came one hundred years (1450) after the death of Richard de Bury. Four hundred and fifty years more of progress have wrought

\*THE BOOK HUNTER IN PARIS. Studies among the Book-Stalls of the Quays. By Octave Uzanne. With Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

their changes. So, "in these vocal days"—as Mr. Augustine Birrell tells us in his preface to M. Octave Uzanne's "Book-Hunter in Paris"—"when there are books about almost everything under the sun, no one need wonder that so quaint a fraternity as the stall-keepers on the quays of the Seine should have a volume all to themselves." If one is to take M. Uzanne literally, the antiquated figure of the stall-keeper "who has disappeared" was cast in a quite different mould from the more prosaic stall-keeper of to-day. Père Malorey, who died in January, 1890, had kept a stall on the Quai Conti, at the corner of the Pont des Arts, for sixty-two years. Strictly honest, of good sense, something of a scholar, he was "known and esteemed by the world of book-sellers, bibliophiles, and the learned, who found books at his stall and information in his talk," says M. Uzanne. And this fine old gentleman was well satisfied with his business, and had no thought of rising above it. The stall-keeper of to-day is of another genus. Let M. Uzanne introduce him:

"It is Chevalier, the old waiter at the Salle Sylvestre, well known for his indistinguishable ignorance and his anything but Athenian idiom. He hardly knows how to read; none the less his is one of the stalls where you will find the most books and the best books; he has already made enough money to have his investments."

It is usually the character of yesterday who interests us most; so we turn back to Père Foy, a quaint character, the friend of "the learned, the witty and lamented Bibliophile Jacob," Paul Lacroix. When the æsthetic soul of the late Emperor was perplexed by the appearance of pauper Paris, he would have swept away, as so many dealers in old rags, the stall-keepers on the quays. But their friend Lacroix induced the Emperor to take a stroll with him one day; and coming along the Quai Malaquais, they saw an old man warming himself at a fire of papers in a portable stove. To complete the story in M. Uzanne's words:

"From time to time he took a volume from a pile of books by his side and tore out a handful of leaves to feed the fire. The Emperor approached, and, with some interest, wished to know what work was thought so valueless as to be used as a combustible. Père Foy—who is not acquainted with his reputation to-day?—quietly handed the volume to the Sovereign, and Napoleon III. read with stupefaction the headline in these triumphal words: 'Conquêtes et Victoires des Français.'"

This dear old Père Foy had a very checkered career. A fire finally destroyed the greater part of his stock of books, and the insurance company paid him in cash fifteen thousand francs. Thenceforth he did nothing; "he did

not renew his books; he did not change his clothes; he let his feet protrude beyond his socks; all the shirt he had was just enough to carry a collar."

With such diverting stories, incidents, and experiences, M. Uzanne's book is filled. M. Emile Mas has sprinkled the text and the margins with scenes and figures that are equally diverting. From the windows of his lodgings, M. Uzanne could see from the Pont Royal to the Pont des Arts—"that long array of stalls that border the Seine, and which the curiosity of the loungers is passing under review from morn to eve"; and this picture, always within his view, he has reproduced in its many and varied phases, so that now the reader at a distance can see the moving panorama of the quays as it has passed so often in review before the author. In the appendix is a very touching account of a notable banquet given to the book-stall men, in November, 1892, in accordance with the bequest of the late M. Xavier Marimer. About ninety-five stall-keepers were present at the banquet, and they spent a happy hour in discussing a repast the like of which was quite new to many of them.

W. IRVING WAY.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

The appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's third novel, "Marcella," again raises the inevitable question, Has George Eliot found a successor? "David Grieve" was almost good enough to compel an affirmative answer, but the new book gives us pause. "Marcella" is extremely *tendenzios*—more so than "Robert Elsmere"—but that is not necessarily a defect. Still, a great novelist should be able upon

occasion, as the author of "Adam Bede" showed herself, to discard preaching altogether without releasing the attention. This Mrs. Ward can hardly be said to have done as yet, although "David Grieve" promised much in that direction. Comparing Mrs. Ward with George Eliot, or, to be more specific, "Marcella" with "Felix Holt," we are conscious of two marked contrasts. The incomparable richness of George Eliot's mind becomes only the more apparent when we put the two works side by side, although Mrs. Ward's pages always reflect a ripeness of culture and a degree of seriousness quite unwonted among writers of fiction. Furthermore, emotion sometimes gets the upper hand (or very nearly gets it) in Mrs. Ward's books, whereas George Eliot kept it strictly subordinated to intellect. We may say in addition that "Marcella" is more distinctly a book of a single character than any of George Eliot's more considerable performances. The heroine is the only person who interests us very much; her parents are imperfectly realized, her socialist friends are abstractions of varying degrees of shadowiness, the humble folk, whom she so passionately desires to help, impress us chiefly with the squalor of their surroundings and arouse a sympathy that is mainly reflected from Marcella herself. Even her lover, Aldous Raeburn, has a touch of the priggishness that makes it possible to hold the type up to a sort of mild ridicule, as in the cases of Schiller's Marquis of Posa and Tennyson's King Arthur. As a general rule—with the one rather notable exception of Wharton—the characters of the novel seem to be delineated as they appear to Marcella's eyes rather than to the objective judgment of the artist who, "contemplating all," should project them one by one upon the scene, endowing each with its proper vitality. It is a little unfortunate that the artist should have thus abdicated to her creature, because Marcella, charming and high-minded as she appears to us, has no sense of humor, and is essentially a thing of impulse and passion. Now human life is never revealed in its truth to an observer under the sway of emotion, nor in its fullness to one who has tears for its sorrows but no

\*MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A YELLOW ASTER. A Novel. By Iota. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RUBICON. By E. F. Benson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PERLYCROSS. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PATRICIAN CLUB. By Albert D. Vandam. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

WITH EDGED TOOLS. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FOR HONOR AND LIFE. A Novel. By William Westall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN DIREST PERIL. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

UNDER THE RED ROBE. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE TRESPASSER. By Gilbert Parker. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

KATHERINE LAUDERDALE. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A FLOWER OF FRANCE. A Story of Old Louisiana. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

BENEFITS FORGOT. By Wolcott Balestier. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HORACE CHASE. A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

OVERHEARD IN ARCADY. By Robert Bridges. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN VARYING MOODS. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WHITE CROWN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE EXILES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

smiles for its mirth. Life is a terribly serious thing, no doubt, in many of its aspects, but it is fortunate that it is not always interpreted for us by so tensely-strung a medium as that of Marcella's nature. The book is occupied from beginning to end with the social problem in its more recent English envisagement. It calls, consequently, for examination as a study in sociology no less than as a transcript of life. What attitude towards socialism does it assume? Is the author carried away by sentimentalism, or does she keep in constant view the hard uncompromising facts with which any settlement of the social problem must fit? The reader is constantly putting the questions to himself, and different portions of the work seem to offer varying answers. It is only when the end is reached, and the author's method taken fully into account, that these questions may be fairly answered. Then only will adequate credit be given to Mrs. Ward's dramatic treatment of the subject; then only will the reader realize that the conflicting answers that from time to time seem to emerge merely reflect the phases of Marcella's storm and stress period of development, and that the poise of soul eventually attained by her is typical of what must be the final attitude (as far as finality in such matters is possible) of every calm and rational nature brought face to face with the social problem. The critical point, in the development both of Marcella's character and of the problem with which she is struggling, appears to be reached when she declares to one of her socialist fellow-workers:

"No!—so far as Socialism means a political system—the tramping out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it—I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No!—as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis—do what I will—comes to lie less and less on possession—more and more on character. I go to two tenements in the same building. One is Hell—the other Heaven. Why? Both belong to well-paid artisans with equal opportunities. Both, so far as I can see, might have a decent and pleasant life of it. But one is a man—the other, with all his belongings, will soon be a vagabond."

One need read no more than this to discern that Mrs. Ward's view of the social problem is both wise and conservative. No one, indeed, familiar with her earlier books, could reasonably have doubted that she would thus place the final emphasis upon character, or have feared that she would be misled by the allurements of any scheme, with whatever eloquence urged, that seeks to bring on earth peace, good-will toward men, by application from without. She might almost have taken for a motto these words of Dr. Ibsen: "Men still call for special revolutions—for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery." In style, "Marcella" is probably Mrs. Ward's best book. This makes an occasional slip all the more surprising, and we cannot understand how she could have used the word "demean" in the illiterate sense. It is also surprising to find Arnold's familiar

"Yes! in the sea of life ensiled" misquoted as

"On the broad seas of life ensiled."

For a near relative of the poet to have done this is less excusable than for another.

The contrast is very striking between Mrs. Ward's restrained and thoughtful art and the careless and inartistic work displayed in "A Yellow Aster." These defects are partly accounted for by the very amateurish character of the performance, but there is a residuum of offensiveness not so pardonably to be explained away. The writer is clearly determined to be effective, and is fairly successful in her aim, but at the heavy cost of every grace of diction and nearly all verisimilitude. We are compelled to take more literally than she would probably wish the suggestion of the title, and to assert that her heroine is even more impossible than a yellow aster, or a black tulip, or any other horticultural monstrosity. It is a pity that the book should be so repellant to the artistic sense, for it has qualities of humor and pathos that are not without promise, and for which much might have been done by restrained and careful cultivation. But the writer has chosen to appeal to the roughened palate and the jaded sense, and she has her reward. Had she been wiser, she would have known that a sensational entrance into the field of literature is the thing above all others to be avoided by anyone who hopes to attract serious attention.

The heroine of "The Rubicon" is something of a monstrosity, too, and in much the same way as the heroine of "A Yellow Aster." Both are women who, we are given to understand, have enormous potentialities for love and self-sacrifice, but who, *en attendant* the development of these latent qualities, are capable of acting with phenomenal heartlessness and even brutality towards the men whom they have respectively pledged themselves to love, honor, and obey. The woman of "The Rubicon" is more seriously wicked than "Dodo," and far less attractive in her wickedness. But she has at least the grace to put an end to her destructive career by suicide, and the action becomes her, however little the ethical finality attaching to it. The only merit of this novel is afforded by its occasional bits of bright observation and satirical comment; as a piece of construction, it is slovenly both as to style and to composition in the larger sense. What is meant for a tragic climax (the scene in the opera box) is ludicrous in its ineffectiveness and inadequacy. "You are a wicked woman," says Reggie, and turns on his heel. The remark is truthful enough, but the particular instance offers nothing to occasion it.

A new novel by Mr. Blackmore could not fail to be an event of much importance, were the work less entertaining than "Perlycross." One undoubtedly feels that he has read it all before, and that the Devonshire village which gives the book its name is a spot long since familiar. One feels also that in this particular case the framework of the story is too slender for the wealth of ornamental detail

bestowed upon it—that there is an intolerable deal of sack for the poor half-pennyworth of bread. But the charm of Mr. Blackmore's manner is irresistible; his humor is wholesome, and his poetic feeling is genuine and deep. "Perlycross" is not to be compared with the four or five best works of its author, but is, for all that, thoroughly enjoyable. Its very whimsicalities of style and temper are an essential element in its attractiveness, and quaintly help to set forth the old-fashioned, kindly, high-minded personality that we everywhere feel to lurk behind the scenes.

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" has turned his hand to the composition of a detective story, and we cannot say that he has been successful. When we think of the work of M. Gaboriau, or even of Dr. Conan Doyle, "The Mystery of the Patrician Club" appears by comparison imperfectly conceived and clumsily unfolded. Mr. Vandam indulges in all the stock phrases of melodrama, and does not even spare us the "dull thud." There is nothing about the book that can be taken seriously, not even seriously enough for the purposes of the rather low type of fiction to which it belongs. But we do not always care to take things seriously in hot weather, and for an idle hour by the seaside the tale will serve.

"With Edged Tools" (a title borrowed, it would seem, except for a variation in the spelling of the adjective, from Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's novel) is a book of alternating adventures in Africa and drawing-room conversations in London. It all turns upon the doings of a heartless coquette, who engages herself, in a manner, with two men at the same time. These men, unwitting of the tie that binds them, meet in Central Africa, and join in a money-making enterprise which turns out favorably. When they return to claim their promised brides, there turns out to be only one of her for both, and neither of them seems to care for her any longer. Whereby she gets her just deserts. The African part of the story relates to the search for a mysterious shrub named simiacine, greatly desiderated by medicine men, and worth many times its weight in gold. There is hardly a real character or a natural situation in the book; on the other hand, there is some cleverness of dialogue and abundant action. According as the reader cares for one or the other pair of characteristics, he may elect to read or to reject it.

The novel of adventure seems just now to be having an English renaissance, and the popularity of such works as "The White Company" and "A Gentleman of France" points to a distinct reaction in popular taste from the allurements of realism and analysis. Mr. Westall's "For Honor and Life," which is a rather better book than the author has accustomed us to, is a story of the Swiss Guards, *qui ne sacriamenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnantes ceciderunt*, on the tenth of August, 1792, thereby achieving immortality and the rock-carved

Lion of Lucerne. The particular guard who is Mr. Westall's hero escaped the massacre of that day, otherwise there would have been no story for us. Of his subsequent connection with a plot to aid the escape of the King, of the fair maiden whose *beaux yeux* led him into numerous venturesome enterprises, and of many other matters, we read with quite breathless interest, albeit with the cheerful conviction that a happy ending of the story awaits us in the closing chapter.

Mr. David Christie Murray's latest novel has for its theme the rescue of an Italian patriot from the Austrian dungeon in which he had been left to rot for twenty years, and the subsequent activity of the rescued man in London as an organizer of the revolutionary movement of 1848. The rescuer, who tells his own story, is inspired by the fair eyes of the Italian's daughter, and, after many tribulations, makes her his wife. The story is told with the homely and affected bluntness supposed to befit the narrator, is filled with more or less exaggerated incident, and is sensational in tone without being more than moderately interesting.

"Under the Red Robe" is sure of an audience, both because Mr. Weyman wrote it, and because the ever-fascinating figure of Richelieu dominates the action. Mr. Weyman gives us the Richelieu of Dumas and Lord Lytton rather than the cardinal-minister of actual history, but few will quarrel with him for that. Indeed, the Richelieu of romance seems assured of a genuine immortality, whatever may befall the annals of Louis XIII. and his reign. "Under the Red Robe" is an autobiographical episode. The hero is a decayed and dissolute gentleman, sent by the Cardinal upon a perilous expedition to the Spanish frontier, and acquitting himself with much address and more grace than his antecedents would lead the reader to expect. The story is packed with adventure, and possessed of romantic charm in a high degree. Let Mr. Weyman write a few more books of the sort, and he will fairly earn the title of the English Dumas.

If the judgment be based upon the originality of plot, the best of the four novels of adventure in our present selection is "The Prisoner of Zenda." The scene is laid in one of the smaller German monarchies so plentiful before 1871, and the prisoner is the rightful king, held in confinement by his ambitious and unscrupulous brother. The hero is an adventurous Englishman, whose extraordinary resemblance to the prisoner enables him to personate the captive monarch, assume the crown in his place, and wear it successfully for three months. Fantastic as the plot appears in this skeleton outline, it is given much verisimilitude by the ingenuity of the narrator. Uneasy lies the head, we may be sure, of this illegitimate crown-wearer, but the situation is saved by his pluck and his sagacity, and he succeeds in rescuing and restoring to the throne his royal double. The story is singularly well-knit, rapid in action, and uninterrupted interesting.

There is no serious attempt at characterization, but much play of pleasing sentiment, and much dramatic excitement, in its pages.

A young English nobleman of profligate character and reckless disposition gets into a scrape, leaves his home, and begins a new life in the wilds of British America. There he marries a half-breed of French and Indian blood. The son of this union, when full-grown, learns of his English relations, and, the parents having died, goes to England to claim his name and his family. Pretty nearly all novels nowadays deal with problems, and the problem of "The Trespasser" is to set forth the effect of this triple ancestry upon a man suddenly brought into contact with the refinements of a highly civilized society. There is no trouble about recognition, and the new-comer holds his own in most respects, a strong character and a natural adaptability seeing him safely through many difficult situations. But the wild strain in his blood asserts itself in the end, and works much disaster. Mr. Parker's treatment of this theme is always interesting and often brilliant. The story is well-constructed and shows much dramatic power. If we may borrow one of the author's own phrases, we should say that there is a good deal of "raw color" about it. The subtleties of analytic art are not within Mr. Parker's reach, but he makes up for their lack by rather striking qualities of invention and imaginative passion. The entirely wanton introduction of an element of clairvoyant claptrap is the one marked fault of the book, and its uncanny effect is produced at too great a cost.

Mr. Crawford is evidently ambitious to become the novelist of life in America as well as in Italy or the East, of life in New York no less than of life in Rome. It cannot fairly be claimed that he has succeeded in this task, and the reason is not far to seek. His talent is essentially romantic, and there is nothing romantic at all about New York society. He has made three attempts to handle this material: "The Three Fates," probably the weakest of all his books, "Marion Darche," a sketch too slight to be seriously considered, and "Katherine Lauderdale," the book now under examination. All that we can say of it is that it is better than the two others. But it cannot for a moment be compared with the really remarkable "Saracinesca" novels, with "Pietro Ghisleri" or "Greifenstein," with "A Roman Singer" or "To Leeward." Clever and fluent as Mr. Crawford always is, the romantic remains his element, and the doings of "society" are almost as dull in his pages as they are in reality. His technique is nearly always good, and the reader can get some satisfaction from that. But even technique fails him in what may be taken as the central episode of "Katherine Lauderdale," and the spectacle of the hero solemnly invoking the testimony of the family physician to prove that he (the hero) is not drunk, excites to a mirthfulness that can hardly have been contemplated by Mr. Crawford.

A number of writers have discovered of late that the history of this continent offers much material excellent for the purposes of romantic fiction. The present age, indeed, is not very romantic, except in the pages of Mr. Bret Harte, but one has only to get back a hundred years or so to find abundant inspiration. Mrs. Ryan is one of the latest explorers in these little-trodden regions, and her new novel, "A Flower of France," takes us to eighteenth century New Orleans, finding in its mixed population, its old-world relations, and its turbulent annals, so much interesting matter that her canvas suffers from being overcrowded. We cannot say that the material is very well arranged, or that the story is at all points probable, but the book is at least entertaining and deserves a certain degree of praise.

The late Wolcott Balestier was a man of unusual personal charm, and was felt by more than one judicious critic to exhibit the promise of literary achievement. At the time of his death his literary luggage was, it must be confessed, of the slenderest description, and it is not until recently that his most considerable work has seen the light in book form. "Benefits Forgot," with its taking Shakespearean title, is a work of promise rather than of fulfilment, but the promise is at least nearer fulfilment than was the case with the three or four slighter predecessors of this story. Its author was still in the chrysalis stage, and evidently struggling towards the attainment of a distinctive manner. Whether he would have acquired such a manner is a problem never to be solved. His association with Mr. Kipling seems to have had an unfortunate effect; throughout the book the presence of this alien influence is felt. The attempt to write a Kiplingese adapted to American conditions results only in an unpleasant jerkiness of style and construction. During the early chapters, the characters seem to have gone daft, so singular and inexplicable are their actions. One would think them to be breathing the over-oxygenated atmosphere produced by the experiment of Doctor Ox rather than the rarefied air of Colorado altitudes. After we get used to their eccentricities they seem to become more nearly normal. As for the point of honor about which the whole story turns, the author himself does not seem to have been quite decided, and the question of right and wrong is obscured by not a little casuistry. We are not told enough about the origin of the tangle concerning the ownership of the ranch and the mine to be quite sure as to what is right and what wrong. Questions of this sort may be settled in two ways: either by strict reference to the legal conditions or by appeal to the general fairness of the situation. Either settlement would be, in a way, satisfactory; but Mr. Balestier got the technical and the moral claims inextricably confused, and does not provide the data for a disentanglement.

Miss Woolson's posthumous novel is, like her earlier books, essentially a study of manners, although there is enough of passion to free the story from

the reproach of monotony, and keep it well above the level of commonplace. The scene is mainly in the Asheville of twenty years ago, but shifted at times to the Florida that the author knew so well. The characters are drawn with admirable distinctness and vitality, those of Horace Chase and his wife bearing, in all their words and actions, the warrant of their own actuality. The self-righteousness of the sister-in-law, Genevieve, seems to us a little exaggerated, but, with this possible exception, the characters have the singular merit of being kept within truthful bounds under circumstances that would have tempted many writers to distortion for the sake of heightened effect. We should hardly say that "Horace Chase" will add noticeably to Miss Woolson's reputation, but it shows that her rather unusual powers were sustained to the last, and it is a worthy accession to the half-dozen books that stand as a memorial of one of the most capable and conscientious of our recent novelists.

"If only there were more of it!" will be the exclamation of most readers of "Overheard in Arcady," by Mr. Robert Bridges—our own cis-Atlantic Robert Bridges. This altogether charming little book consists of a dozen bits of dialogue based upon the humorous fancy of bringing together the principal characters in a man's books, and setting them to talking about their creator. Thus, Bartley Hubbard, Fulkerson, Annie Kilburn, and others, talk about Mr. Howells; Daisy Miller and the Master discuss Mr. Henry James; the Lady and the Tiger converse about Mr. Stockton; while Mr. Crawford falls into the hands of Corona Saracinesca, Russell Vanbrugh, Mr. Isaacs, and Ram Lal, who, strangely enough, all happen to meet on a P. and O. steamer. That Mr. Bridges brings an audacious fancy to the execution of this novel idea is evident from mere mention of the dialogue between the Lady and the Tiger, and still more so from the fact that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, in another of these ingenious compositions, calmly discuss their peculiar mutual relations. Here is a bit of the dialogue between a few of Mr. Aldrich's characters:

MARJORIE: "There is the original Bad Boy now! Don't you know Tom Bailey, of New York, the distinguished politician and editor? He is at the Surf House. (*Greetings and introductions*). We were speaking of you. Mr. Flemming thinks your biography the best of Mr. Aldrich's novels."

BAILEY (*in despair*): "Can I never live down that awful tale of my youth! Some people really believe that I did all those things. I think I should have been nominated for governor last June if a rival paper had not unearthed what it called my 'Terrible Record as a Boy in Rivermouth.'"

FLEMMING (*laughing*): "I remember, but I heard a dozen men at the club declare that they would like to have a chance to vote for the original of the Bad Boy. They all looked upon you as the friend of their youth. I have n't a doubt that every winter a wave of midnight explosions sweeps over the villages of this country. It means that the next crop of boys has been reading the 'Story of a Bad Boy.' It is passed along from generation to generation of village youngsters with 'Tom Brown' and 'Verdant Green.' That is true immortality for an author. There are no books we love so long, no authors we remember so kindly, as those we read and delighted in when young."

BAILEY (*with mock earnestness*): "Then I'm condemned to

go down to posterity as the terror of good parents and correct school-teachers. I am even mistrusted by the village police everywhere!"

MARJORIE (*cutting in*): "But the village girls won't love you the less for it."

FLEMMING (*judiciously*): "Aldrich did one very fine thing with the 'Bad Boy'; he annihilated the prig in American juvenile literature for a generation."

MARJORIE: "And that's almost as good as being the delightful poet that he is. (*A maid appears in the doorway.*) And now we'll have luncheon." (*Exeunt.*)

When we say that "Overheard in Arcady" is as good as this throughout, we should do enough to send it a host of readers. "A Little Dinner in Arcady" closes the volume, the guests being English and American novelists and such of their characters as Daisy Miller, Diana (of *The Crossways*), Meh Lady, and the Princess Saracinesca. "Life," who acts as host, explains the seating: "I told each man to bring one of his own family. Then I mixed the names in a hat and drew this combination." The conversation is after such fashion as the following:

DAISY MILLER: "Think of our flattering Charley Rich and his set. They are so conceited now that they think all the girls are in love with them. We have to train all the young nobs down with sarcasm before they are endurable. We are onto their style."

PRINCESS SARACINESCA (*to Page*): "What queer English that young woman speaks! I fear that I must have had an uncultivated teacher in Rome. It's all so strange to me."

PAGE: "You must come and visit us in Ole Vahginia, my deah lady, to heah the real old English language. We are descended from the Cavaliers, madam."

PRINCESS: "Now, I understand the peculiar spelling in 'Marse Chan.' It's old English, is n't it, like Chaucer and Beowulf?"

PAGE (*shifting the subject*): "Oh, I say, Meh Lady, you must invite the Princess down to the old plantation. She is writing a book about America, and I reckon it will be all Boston and New York, as usual, unless we divert her."

MRS. HAWKSREE: "Invite me too, please. I want to see America. I only know what I've read about it in Mr. James's novels, and what Mr. Kipling has told me."

BUNNER (*behind his hand to Page*): "She must have a beautiful chromo picture of us then in her mental gallery. Imagine taking your impression of America from James and Kipling!"

We must say in closing that the fun in which Mr. Bridges indulges is always good-natured, and that it serves as a mask for not a little genial and serious criticism—the criticism that delights in paying tribute to whatever it finds that is lovely and of good report in the work under consideration.

Some of the many volumes of short stories that have recently been published seem to call for a few words of description or comment. The characteristics of Mr. Thomas Hardy's work are so well known as hardly to need re-statement. "Life's Little Ironies" is the title given to a score of tales and character sketches. They deal with people who would be absolutely uninteresting in the hands of any less a master, and even his genius has much to contend with in their presentation. "A Tragedy of Two Ambitions" and "On the Western Circuit" are perhaps the strongest of these aptly-entitled tales. Miss Harraden's "In Varying Moods" will probably attract more attention than it deserves. The stories

are very slight, and the mark of the amateur sentimentalist is upon them. "The Umbrella-Mender," the best and most original of them, is a little suggestive of Hawthorne. Of the six stories in Mrs. Foote's volume, four are upon the Western themes that she handles with such picturesque effect and easy mastery. These are distinctly the best, and among them "In Exile" and "The Watchman" seem to us the most attractive. They exhibit many of the qualities displayed by Mr. Bret Harte, although without his humor. In its place there is a certain gravity and a certain reserved poetical feeling that may be held sufficient to make up the balance. There are eight stories in Mr. Ward's volume, widely varied in their themes. The author has considerable powers of invention, but they often lead him to forced and even preposterous situations. More than once, also, does he give the cord of sensibility a decided wrench. But the stories are readable, and more; at their best they are strongly interesting. The volume of seven stories just published by Mr. Davis shall serve us for a *bonne bouche*. We are inclined to think "The Exiles" the best story that Mr. Davis has written, although "His Bad Angel" is a good second. It would certainly be rash to say that all the good stories have been told as long as the fertile genius that has given us these and so many others is at work. Few writers know so well what to say, just how to arrange it, or just when to stop. There is not a wearisome page in the volume, and the author shows himself singularly independent of the hackneyed devices of the professional story-teller.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Public Libraries in America.*

Mr. William I. Fletcher's little book on "Public Libraries in America" (Roberts), written for Professor Todd's "Columbian Knowledge" series, is so good a book for its purpose that we fear our few remarks will do it but imperfect justice. It discusses, in brief chapters that almost invariably contain just the things that ought to be said and no others, such subjects as library legislation, buildings, catalogues, and management, the relation of the library to the community, the selection of books, and the training of the librarian. One may find words of soberness and wisdom upon nearly every page. We select a few examples. "'First, appoint your librarian,' is a maxim worthy the attention of newly formed boards of trustees." "Experience has shown that care is necessary to avoid the opposite dangers, on the one hand of a library administration left to the mercy of shifting politics, and on the other of one run as a close corporation tending naturally to become a one-man power." "The way, then, to start a library is to start it, not to make great plans and invoke State aid at the outset; but in a simple way to make a beginning from which the library may

grow." "A well-ordered library must admit readers to its shelves, where, under proper restrictions, they may look over the books on a given subject and not be confined to the narrow range imposed by the limitations of reading-room use." The whole gospel of library architecture is condensed into this sentence: "The order should be to require the architect to put a presentable exterior on an interior having only use in view, and not, as is so often done, to require the librarian to make the best he can of an interior imposed by the exigencies of the architect's taste or the demand of a building committee for a monumental structure." Here are some golden words upon the selection of books: "Sometimes the work of selection is allowed to pass into the hands of some one who is supposed to be competent because he is a book-fancier, possibly something of a bibliomaniac, but who fills the library with books which constitute a literary museum, rather than a literary laboratory or workshop." On the subject of cataloguing, Mr. Fletcher entertains the rational notion that a catalogue should be made intelligible to those who want to use it. This doctrine needs urging in view of the recent vogue of systems that only the initiated can understand. "The classification schemes," Mr. Fletcher says, "proceed on the idea of taking the whole field of knowledge as the unit, and dividing and subdividing it by some logical process, with a large infusion of arithmetic in the case of the decimal systems and some others. They are thus quite completely theoretical, and in practice are too rigid and mechanical to fit the natural differentiation of books one from another; for the books in a library do not lend themselves to such a process of logical subdivision." As an illustration of his views, the author gives us a simple outline classification of the books likely to be found in the general public or college library, and his publishers have reprinted this chapter in a volume by itself, with the title, "Library Classification." We should like to discuss the thoughtful chapter on "Library Laws," but must refer readers to the book for that. As a compendium of fact, Mr. Fletcher's little treatise is of much value. We note particularly its history of the library movement in America, its account of special libraries and collections, and its tables of library statistics. The illustrations, also, are remarkably well chosen, being mostly plans of buildings and portraits of librarians. Among the latter we note the fine likeness of W. F. Poole, and the biographical sketch ending with mention of his recent death—"the heaviest loss American librarianship has known." Perhaps the best thing we can say of Mr. Fletcher's book is that Dr. Poole would have given his cordial approval to almost every line of it.

*Prof. Huxley's Studies in Philosophy.*

The sixth volume of Professor Huxley's "Collected Essays" (Appleton) is a reprint of the "Hume" written for the "English Men of Letters" series, supplemented by two chapters on Berkeley. We learn

from the introduction that the author once expected to write a companion volume on Berkeley, "but the burdens and distractions of a busy life led to the postponement of this, as of many other projects, till too late." The chapters here included are really studies for that work. The following remarks, which cannot be accepted without some reserve, indicate Professor Huxley's attitude towards the fundamental problems of philosophy, and at the same time suggest the limitations, which are not only his own, but those of Mr. Herbert Spencer as well. The remarks take the form of a word of advice to the younger generation. "If it is your desire to discourse fluently and learnedly about philosophical questions, begin with the Ionians and work steadily through to the latest new speculative treatise. If you have a good memory and a fair knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, and German, three or four years spent in this way should enable you to attain your object. If, on the contrary, you are animated by the much rarer desire for real knowledge; if you want to get a clear conception of the deepest problems set before the intellect of man, there is no need, so far as I can see, for you to go beyond the limits of the English tongue. Indeed, if you are pressed for time, three English authors will suffice; namely, Berkeley, Hume, and Hobbes." From these three writers one may get, we are told, "as much sound philosophical training as is good for anyone but an expert." This statement is so near the truth that we almost regret to insist upon the claims of Kant and Schopenhauer. Yet there can be no doubt that they also are "good for anyone," not even an expert, and that, furthermore, they supply certain elements absolutely essential to the comprehension of the philosophical problem, elements hardly to be got from a study of the author's great trio of English thinkers.

Baynes's  
Shakespearian  
Studies.

The Shakespearian studies of the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, together with a paper on "English Dictionaries," have been collected in a volume now published (Longmans), and prefaced by a biographical sketch of the author. This sketch is the work of Professor Lewis Campbell, and gives an excellent idea of the activity displayed by Baynes as a professor of philosophy and literature, as a journalist, and as editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The Shakespearian studies now reprinted include the following: "What Shakespeare Learnt at School," "Shakespearian Glossaries," "New Shakespearian Interpretations," and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" article on Shakespeare. Of the latter, the editor says with justice: "The strength of this essay lies not so much in the special as in the general preparation of the writer. It was deeply rooted in his own life, and drew upon his whole past experience, in the world, not less than in the study. His attempt to replace Shakespeare in his actual environment is wonderfully successful, and amid such a farrago of all shades of

probability, to have taken a definite line and held to it with so much substantial likelihood, is surely a remarkable achievement." Of this essay Bishop Wordsworth said: "I can only describe it as representing an enormous amount of multifarious reading and of energetic thought, *boiled down* to a consistency so refined that it gives no sign of the process it has undergone. It strikes me as the most wonderfully massive and complete piece of work in the way of literary criticism I have ever seen; and I doubt whether there is anything to equal it in that line." This is of course exaggerated, but the substantial value of the biography, as well as of the other papers in this volume, is not to be disputed. The study of "What Shakespeare Learnt at School" is particularly valuable. By a careful examination of the grammar schools of the sixteenth century, and of the books used in them, it is found possible to construct with something like completeness the poet's early education, while the conclusions thus reached from *a priori* reasoning are abundantly corroborated by careful examination of the plays themselves. It is particularly instructive to compare the prominent place given to Ovid in the schools of the time, on the one hand, with Shakespeare's marked fondness for and familiarity with that poet, on the other. So much prodigious nonsense has been written about Shakespeare's learning that it is comforting to find the subject sanely discussed from a rational point of view.

Old Celtic  
Romances.

In the second edition of Dr. P. W. Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances" (Macmillan), we find twelve charming old tales — part verse, part prose — translated from the original Gaelic manuscripts as preserved in Trinity College and in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. His principle of translation has been to preserve the spirit and manner rather than the exact words; the originals being simple in style, the English is of the kind he supposes the old *shanachies* (professional story-tellers) themselves would have used, had they spoken English instead of Gaelic. Like the Welsh legends of Arthur and his Round Table, or the Arabian romances of Haroun-al-Raschid and his Court, these stories centre generally around the exploits of some favorite hero. One of them, "The Voyage of Maeldun," a tale of the eighth century, has an added interest from the fact that it was Dr. Joyce's translation that furnished Tennyson the inspiration for his poem "The Voyage of Maeldune."

The Study  
of Politics.

In "An Old Master and Other Political Essays" (Scribner), Professor Woodrow Wilson gives some valuable contributions to political science. In the first and second papers of the volume — "An Old Master" (who is Adam Smith), and "The Study of Politics" — he discusses methods of investigation and presentation in this science, and makes an eloquent plea for men who, like Adam Smith, "will

dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness: their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness." The third essay is a sound presentation of "Political Sovereignty" as resident in "the law-making organ of the State, in contravention of the crude theorizing that would lodge it in the people. The substance of the fourth and fifth papers, on "Character of Democracy in the United States" and "Government Under the Constitution," is a demand for responsible leadership in our government, which shall bring organization and unity into our now hopelessly sporadic methods of legislation, and shall fasten upon Congress "an even more positive form of accountability than now rests upon the President and the courts." The methods of "An Old Master" pervade this valuable little book.

*A pioneer  
worker for  
women.*

Mary Mortimer was one of that band of earnest women, of whom Catherine Beecher was the chief, who half a century ago did so much for the cause of the education of women in what was then "the new West." It seems almost like ancient history to read of the difficulties and the strangeness of their work, as told by Mrs. Minerva Brace Norton in "Mary Mortimer: A Memoir" (Revell). Milwaukee was one of the promising young cities in which their labors were most successful, and Miss Mortimer spent nearly twenty-five years of her life as Principal of Milwaukee Female College. The record of her able and inspiring career, her wide and gracious influence over the many young lives with whom she came in contact, has been written by a careful and affectionate hand. Such lives must ever be worthy of tribute, since, to quote Miss Mortimer's own words, "Few things are so soul-cheering in the weary pilgrimage of life as the knowledge, brought home to one's heart, of the life and triumphs of genius and goodness."

*Waymarks  
in Church  
History.*

In a volume entitled "Waymarks in Church History" (Longmans), William Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, has collected a dozen of his lectures and articles written for Church magazines during the decade 1883-93. The subjects, including Gnosticism, Ante-Nicene Sectarianism, the Arian Controversy, S. Basil, the controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries, Cyril of Alexandria, Pelagianism, the Papacy, the Clergy and Secular Employments, Bede and Laud, may seem, at first glance, already well worn, but each is treated with direct reference to some recent question which has arisen, thus giving to the papers a present-day interest. The collation and republication of the essays have not only provided the opportunity for careful recension, but also for the addition of an important appendix to each.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Volume 47 of "The Century," now published in cloth covers, is noticeable for its articles about Napoleon, musical composers, and Abraham Lincoln, for its publication of three papers by James Russell Lowell, for "Mark Twain's" "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and Mrs. Foote's "Cœur d'Alene," and for the 340 illustrations, among which Mr. Timothy Cole's Dutch masters are easily first. These engravings from Rembrandt, Jan Steen, and Frans Hals are worthy successors of the Italian masters included in Mr. Cole's earlier series.

Mr. George Waring, Jr., translates from the Dutch of Heer J. G. W. Fijnje van Salverda an interesting little book on "Aërial Navigation" (Appleton), and supplements it by a *resumé* of the recent experiments of Professor Langley and others. The book is timely, for its subject is "in the air," and most mechanics who have followed the course of recent experimental work look for a speedy practical application of the principles that have been established by Messrs. Langley, Maxim, and Holland. It is hardly necessary to say that the balloon idea is now practically abandoned, and that mechanics look to some form of aeroplane as the solution of the problem presented.

Professors W. A. Stevens and Ernest D. Burton have collaborated in the preparation of "A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study" (Silver, Burdett & Co.). The version of 1881 is taken as a basis, and from it the editors have made an analytical synopsis of the four gospels, employing the device of parallel columns as far as it is practicable to do so. The work is a "Harmony" in the sense of an exhibit, not of an explanation or reconciliation. There are nine principal divisions of the narrative with many sections and sub-sections. The apparatus of the book is quite elaborate and complete, but too complicated to be mastered without considerable study. When mastered, it ought to prove very helpful.

The two-volume work upon "Big Game Shooting" (Little, Brown & Co.), which Mr. Clive Philipps-Wolley has edited for the "Badminton" library, is a veritable encyclopedia for that sportsman whose ambition soars above the domestic hare or the grouse of his native heath. It includes nearly two score of articles by the best specialists upon the several subjects included—there being articles by such mighty hunters as Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. F. C. Selous, Mr. Warburton Pike, and Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman. The volumes are abundantly and artistically illustrated.

Among late modern language texts we note Herr Freytag's "Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen," one of the "Ahnens" series, edited, with an interesting introduction, by Professor James T. Hatfield; Schiller's "Maria Stuart," edited by Prof. Lewis A. Rhoades; and an adaptation, by M. P. Desages, of Mérimée's "La Chronique de Charles IX." All three of these books are additions to the lengthy list of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co.

That pleasant poet, William Browne of Tavistock, who wrote "Britannia's Pastorals" and many other things, now makes a two-volume appearance in the "Temple" library (Scribner), for which his works have been edited by Mr. Gordon Goodwin. Mr. A. H. Bullen's introduction adds a distinct charm to this already charming edition. We note that the present editor very definitely assigns to Browne the familiar lines "On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke," and the evidence certainly favors his authorship as against that of Jonson, or indeed of any other.

## NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, June 11, 1894.

With the opening of the summer season, novels are more than ever the books of the hour. The success of some of them is really phenomenal. Mr. Crawford's "Katharine Lauderdale" is now in its sixth edition, and Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" has, I believe, reached a fifth large edition in this country alone. Publishers are considering manuscripts sent them with more and more care, fearful of overlooking what may prove to be the success of the season. This is particularly true of novels offered them for copyright publication by English publishers. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. believe that "A Daughter of Music," by G. Colmore, an English lady, which they have just brought out, will attract the same general attention here that it is gaining in England, where it has been compared to "Wuthering Heights." This firm has been very active in securing the works of leading novelists. Messrs. Appleton will publish Mr. S. R. Crockett's next volume, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," and they have arranged to issue Dr. Conan Doyle's coming novels. They will also publish Mr. Hall Caine's "The Manxman" in the fall. In their "Town and Country Series" will soon appear "Outlaw and Lawmaker," by Mrs. Campbell Praed, "A Mild Barbarian," by Edgar Fawcett, and "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," by Arabella Kenealy. They will also publish Miss Kate Sanborn's "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," which recounts her amusing failure in adopting a farm previously abandoned by someone else, and which of course is a sequel to her former book on the same subject. This will appear in Messrs. Appleton's new "Handy Volume Series," in which they will reissue "Mrs. Limber's Raffle," a novel by Mr. William Allen Butler, published anonymously some ten years ago and now first acknowledged by the author of "Nothing to Wear."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers appear to be reaching out Bostonwards, for they announce a volume by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, "The Scarlet Poppy, and Other Stories." One or two of these stories have appeared in this firm's periodicals. The book includes, besides the title story, "The Tragic Story of Binns," "The Composite Wife," "Mrs. Claxton's Skeleton," and other of Mrs. Spofford's always fresh and entertaining studies. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the author of that weirdly grotesque volume, "Toppleton's Client," will bring out through Messrs. Harper "The Water Ghost, and Others," a book of ghost-stories full of the sparkling dialogue, original situations, and the pervasive humor in which this author excels.

New volumes of fiction announced by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are "A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales" by Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale University, and "Quaker Idyls" by Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner. Professor Beers's standard manuals of English and American literature, his life of Willis, and his volume of poems, "The Thankless Muse," have made him known aside from his college work. The present volume is the first collection of his stories which has been made. The title story is perhaps the best sketch of suburban life in an American city yet written. Professor Beers's stories are marked by powerful but artistically suppressed feeling. Almost all of them relate to American life. Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner is a resident of Andover, Mass., but the scenes of her "Quaker Idyls" are laid in Philadelphia, and some of them deal with anti-abolitionist times.

It is more than ten years since Mr. Edgar Fawcett began the publication of a series of novels and short stories, the scenes of which were laid in New York—modern New York, that is. It had occurred to him to look about his native city and to make use of metropolitan scenes and types familiar to him from boyhood. Some of the sketches in his volume of "Social Silhouettes," while lacking nothing in romantic quality, presented to view most lifelike personifications of characters common in our social life. Almost at the same time with Mr. Fawcett's occupation of the New York field, a number of other novelists selected the same ground as the locality of their stories,—notably Mr. Henry C. Bunner, Mr. William Dean Howells, and Mr. William Henry Bishop, to say nothing of a host of lesser writers. Just at present there seems to be a revival of the New York novel. It is hard to say whether the city is becoming more interesting, but at least Mrs. Burton Harrison with her "Bachelor Maid," Mr. Marion Crawford with his "Katharine Lauderdale" and the sequel he is now writing, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner with his new "Harper" serial, "The Golden House," have found it worth their while to write about things "here at home."

A curious paragraph has been going the rounds, to the effect that the Rev. Walter Mitchell, whose "Two Strings to his Bow" has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the author of an earlier novel entitled "Tacking Ship off Shore." Readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" will remember that "Tacking Ship off Shore" was a poem, and it is, I think, one of the finest sailing-poems in the language. Mr. Mitchell's former novel, "Bryan Maurice," was first published in 1866 and reissued in 1888. During the Puritan Genesta races he published another fine sailing poem, "The Cup Defender," which was widely copied.

The death of Mr. Thomas Niles, of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, was a great surprise to most of his friends, but it appears that he had suffered from periodical attacks of illness for some time, although saying little about it. He was much liked by all publishers and authors who knew him, and gained an enviable reputation for fair dealing. He was not, as has been generally stated, the sole owner of the publishing-house with which he was connected, Mr. Roberts being the chief owner and having always taken an active part in the business, though preferring to remain in the background. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Niles shared equally in the literary and business management.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers recently brought out a copyrighted edition of George Egerton's "Keynotes," which they accepted on its merits, and which they are thus able to sell exclusively in this country. They are just about to publish "The Dancing Faun," by Florence Farr, for which they anticipate an equal success. Both these volumes have decorative title-pages designed by Aubrey Beardsley, which indeed are quite the fashion.

The Edinburgh edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, in twenty volumes, will be published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who have secured a portion of the limited and only edition of one thousand copies. The consent of four English publishing houses was necessary in order to perfect the plan of this edition. It will be published in library style, with little decorative matter, save a few frontispieces, under the supervision of Mr. Sidney Colvin. There will be three volumes of "Miscellanies," including early writings and unsigned articles from periodicals. In quite

another department of literature, I do not see why some one does not collect Mr. Howells's variously published works in a similar standard edition. Mr. Noah Brooks's "Tales of the Maine Coast" is just out, and will be welcomed as his first volume of fiction for grown-up readers. He is now once more a resident of Castine, Maine, his birthplace, and he has endeavored with success to portray the characteristics of the people and the natural scenery of the Maine coast. Many of his characters are drawn from real life, and the town of Castine itself is thinly disguised as "Fairport." The titles of some of the stories are "Pansy Pegg," "The Apparition of Jo Mureh," "The Phantom Sailor," "The Waif of Nautilus Island," and "A Century Ago."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Ruskin's "Verona and Other Lectures" will be issued in this country by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

"Fliegende Blätter," the national comic paper of Germany, is now issuing its hundredth semi-annual volume.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have in preparation an edition of Coleridge, to be edited by Mr. Stopford Brooke.

William Roscher, the great German economist, died at Leipzig on the fourth of this month, at the age of seventy-six.

A London correspondent reports that Mr. W. W. Astor has contracted to pay £2850 for the serial rights of Mr. Stevenson's next novel.

The "Bibliothèque Nationale" of France has decided to print the catalogue of its collection, which, amounting to more than two and a half million volumes, is the largest in the world.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who, as readers of "The Witch of Prague" know, has dabbled a little in modern mysticism, contributes to "Book Reviews" (Macmillan) for June an article called "A Modern View of Mysticism." His discussion of the subject is somewhat too credulous to be taken very seriously.

It was fitting that M. Bourget should succeed his master Taine in the French Academy, and hardly less so that M. Albert Sorel should have been awarded the chair left vacant by the death of Maxime DuCamp. M. Sorel's most important work is "L'Europe et la Révolution Française," in four volumes.

The death of the Hon. Roden Noel is cabled from London. He was born in 1834, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His books include "Behind the Veil, and Other Poems" (1863), "Beatrice, and Other Poems" (1868), "A Little Child's Monument" (1881), and "Essays upon Poetry and Poets" (1886).

The following "true story" is from "The Westminster Gazette": "Mr. Elliot Stock recently published a new edition of Thomas à Kempis. A favorable review was cut out by a news-cutting agency, and addressed to 'Thomas A. Kempis, Esq.,' care of his publisher, intimating that on payment of a guinea he could be supplied with all references to his writings."

Signor Gallina, the Italian playwright and poet, has been granted a yearly pension of \$500 by the syndic and municipality of Venice, to enable him to continue writing without continually facing the necessity of seeking other employment to keep the wolf from the door. For twenty years he has been writing plays which are

likely to rank with Goldoni's in mirroring actual Italian life, and his admirers will rejoice to know that his long struggle against poverty is practically ended.

A "Universal Index to the World's Technical and Scientific Literature" is announced for publication in Vienna. The work as contemplated is intended to furnish a comprehensive index to the literature of scientific subjects. It will include periodicals as well as books, and is meant to represent all the known literature that has appeared in any part of the world on technical or scientific topics.

Dr. Murray, who is passing the letter D of the "New English Dictionary" through the press, states that American readers can render a great assistance by noting early instances of all the terms of American politics, since this research is very difficult if undertaken in England. Examples of the use of such terms, duly authenticated by chapter and verse (author, edition, volume, page), with date, should be forwarded to "Dr. Murray, Oxford, England," no other address being necessary.

The 400th anniversary of Hans Sachs's birthday, November 5, 1894, will be appropriately celebrated by the University of the City of New York, a number of well-known university professors of German participating. Professor A. S. Isaacs, of this university, has received permission from the author and publisher to translate into English Professor Max Koch's admirable "History of German Literature," issued a few months ago in Germany. The work has been very favorably noticed in the press.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in a recent interview, spoke as follows of the Spanish novelists: "The modern Spanish school interests me keenly at present. There are many novelists of the first rank among them that ought to be more widely read than they are. I may mention Perez Galdos—his 'Doña Perfecta' is excellent—Juan Valera, author of 'Pepita Jeminez'; Palacio Valdés, and Emilia Pardo Bazan. In fact, these clever writers of Spain easily outclass their French contemporaries, with the exception of Zola, ranking next, in my judgment, to those of Russia."

A group of German and Swiss professors have issued a circular asking for subscriptions towards a Bürger monument. June 8, 1894, will be the hundredth anniversary of the death of Gottfried August Bürger, "the great master of the popular German ballad literature." It is suggested that the monument should be erected over his grave in Göttingen. It was in Göttingen that the young student of theology was made a ballad-writer by the study of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," and here he wrote his "Lenore." The grave is now marked only by a weatherbeaten column. Subscriptions will be received by the Dieterich'sche Buchhandlung at Göttingen, the house which originally published Bürger's poems.

The London "Bookman" publishes monthly lists of the new books most in demand at the principal book-selling centres of the United Kingdom. These lists usually consist of six books each, named in the order of their popularity. In the lists for May we notice that Mr. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," has the first place in the esteem of Middlesbrough readers, while Edinburgh holds it fourth, and Liverpool sixth. As for London, it is ranked fourth by the West End, and second by the East. Fashionable London, it seems, prefers "The Yellow Book," Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel,"

and Mr. Brooke's "Tennyson." Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Aberdeen will have none of it.

The Loubat prizes of \$1000 and \$400 — established at Columbia College by Joseph F. Loubat for the best works published in the English language upon the history, geography, archaeology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North America—have been awarded for 1893 as follows: First prize to Mr. Henry Adams for his "History of the United States of America During the Administrations of Madison and Jefferson," in nine volumes; second prize to Mr. A. F. Bandelier for his "Report of Investigations Among Indians of the South-western States," in two volumes. Mr. Adams has presented to the College, for the purchase of books for the library, the sum awarded to him.

A friendly correspondent calls our attention to the inadvertence whereby, in the last issue of THE DIAL, the late Madame Renan was spoken of as the daughter, instead of the niece, of the artist Scheffer, and to the more serious error of publishing the obituary of Herr von Sacher-Masoch before the Galician novelist had departed this life. Of this error, we can only say that we shared it with a large section of the American press. The statement was so generally published that we had no reason to doubt its accuracy. Like the report that Mr. Ruskin had been appointed Poet Laureate, it got into circulation no one knows how, and ran its course. We understand that Herr von Sacher-Masoch is still seriously ill.

The London "Bookman" has this tribute to the versatility of the late W. Robertson Smith: "His published works, high and varied as their importance is, give but a faint idea of the extraordinary man who wrote them. It was often said of him that he knew more than any other man alive. Music alone seemed to have no interest for him, except a scientific one. But of all the other arts, of all sciences, of all histories, literatures, and philosophies, his knowledge was amazing; no one knew the limits of it; and his readiness in the command of it seemed almost superhuman. For hours, for a long day even, he could talk without weariness or dullness on subject after subject to his company's heart's content, and never be commonplace, never fail to stimulate and instruct. His wealth of ideas was almost as marvellous as his wealth of knowledge; his mind was far too restless to stay content even with the enormous collection of facts and of other men's opinions that he had at such command."

#### MR. WARNER ON CHARACTER DELINEATION IN FICTION.

Mr. C. D. Warner, in "Harper's Monthly" for June, thus writes of character delineation in modern fiction:

"It is true to say that modern fiction deals more with experience than with character. The novelist is more concerned with certain ideas or views of life, with his own experiences—got too often at second hand from other novels—than with the creation of characters in which life can be seen without his explanations. When we refer to certain great works of fiction we always think of their defined and vivid characters, which take their places in history as visible to our minds as any people who ever lived, whereas in most recent novels we find mostly an attempt to set forth ideas or a state of society, and in thinking of them we recall the study of motives, the sketch of traits, incidents of daily life, stopping short of adventure, and the more or less wide and knowing comments of the author. These are, to be sure, the raw materials of fiction, but until they are

embodied in personality, in characters, they fail to create perfect illusion. The novelist who has not creative genius, or is too lazy to represent life in characters, sometimes resorts to ear-marks, or names them by label or some trick or phrase or gait. But so little are the characters realized by the author or felt by the reader that the speech of one might be taken for that of another, and is not at all distinguished in page after page of level dialogue. To avoid this sameness of utterance, resort is had to dialect—for so bad spelling and defective grammar are often named. Play-writers have an advantage, for their characters are visibly represented, and can be distinguished by their voices and peculiarities of manner and dress, but they also often resort to the inartistic expedient of catchwords and repeated phrases. It is true that a given society of people use substantially the same language; that is, well-bred people speak in one way and illiterate people in another way. The great difficulty of the novelist is to distinguish by their speech persons using substantially the same language. But no two persons do converse in the same way; the distinctions between them may be fine, but they are always recognized, for they come out of the character, which is never repeated. This fine discrimination, in dialogue as well as in action, can never be attained by a writer until he dramatically realizes his character, and is then truthful to his conception. We talk a great deal about novels being true to life, but can we think of any novel that is true to the universal apprehension, and that has passed from generation to generation, that does not owe its life to its vivid characters?"

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1894 (Second Last).

Algonkins, Migrations of the. C. S. Wake. *Am. Antiquarian*.  
 Ballot for Women, The. Matthew Hale. *Forum*.  
 Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. *Music*.  
 Booksellers of the Paris Quays. W. I. Way. *Dial* (June 16)  
 Christian Missions in India. F. P. Powers. *Forum*.  
 Church Property, Taxation of. J. M. Farley. *Forum*.  
 Clough and Emerson. F. H. Williams. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Coxeyism and the Interest Question. *Social Economist*.  
 Culture Heroes and Deified Kings. *Am. Antiquarian*.  
 Democracy and the Poet. N. P. Gilman. *New World*.  
 English at the University of Chicago. *Dial* (June 16).  
 Episcopalian Policy, The. W. Kirkus. *New World*.  
 Farmers, Fallacies, and Furrows. J. S. Morton. *Forum*.  
 Farm Prices, Fallacies About. *Social Economist*.  
 Fiction, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (June 16).  
 Harvard Law School, 1869-94. *Harvard Graduates' Mag.*  
 Hawaii and Samoa, Importance of. *Social Economist*.  
 Indian Music. Alice C. Fletcher. *Music*.  
 Latin in the High School. F. W. Kelsey. *Educational Rev.*  
 Latin Play at Harvard, The. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.  
 Literature and the Scientific Spirit. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Living Writers of Fiction. *Dial* (June 16).  
 Marlborough, Lord Wolseley's Life of. *Dial* (June 16).  
 Novel, Predominance of the. Richard Burton. *Dial* (June 16).  
 Pessimism, The Significance of. *New World*.  
 "Phormio" at Harvard. F. G. Ireland. *Educational Rev.*  
 President Eliot's Administration. *Harvard Graduates' Mag.*  
 Public School Reform in New York. *Educational Review*.  
 Religious Equality in England. *New World*.  
 Sage Literature. J. H. Wisby. *Poet-Lore*.  
 Scholarships, Fellowships, etc. G. S. Hall. *Forum*.  
 Silver Coinage. F. H. Head and J. C. Hendrix. *Forum*.  
 Singers, American. *Illus. Music*.  
 Whitney, William Dwight. J. T. Hatfield. *Dial* (June 16).  
 Woman-Suffrage Movement, Results of. *Forum*.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 48 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- From the Easy Chair. By George William Curtis. Third series; with portrait. 24mo, pp. 232. Harper & Bros. \$1.
- Select Specimens of the Great French Writers in the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries. Edited by G. Eugène Fasnach. 12mo, uncut, pp. 592. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.
- Studies in Medieval Life and Literature. By Edward Tomkins McLaughlin. 12mo, pp. 188. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Inflections and Syntax of the Morte D'Arthur of Malory: A Study in Fifteenth-Century English. By Charles Sears Baldwin. 12mo, pp. 156. Ginn & Co. \$1.50.
- My Paris Note-Book. By the author of "An Englishman in Paris." 12mo, pp. 307. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- A Gauntlet: Being the Norwegian Drama, En Hanske. By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson; trans. by Osman Edwards. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 151. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
- Richard Steele. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by G. A. Aiken. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 452. Scribner's "Best Plays of the Old Dramatists." \$1.25.
- Wallenstein: Ein dramatisches Gedicht von Schiller. With introduction and notes by W. H. Carruth, Ph.D. Illus., 16mo, pp. 220. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.

## FICTION.

- Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone." 12mo, pp. 493. Harper & Bros. \$1.75.
- A Traveler from Altruria: A Romance. By William Dean Howells, author of "The Coast of Bohemia." 12mo, pp. 318. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
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- The Wings of Icarus: Being the Life of one Emilia Fletcher. By Laurence Alma Tadema. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 252. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- Pastime Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page, author of "In Ole Virginia." Illus., 12mo, pp. 220. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
- A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Stories. By Henry A. Beers. Illus., 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 265. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.
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- Mary Fenwick's Daughter. By Beatrice Whitty, author of "One Reason Why." 12mo, pp. 374. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
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- Belle-Plante and Cornelius. By Claude Tillier, author of "My Uncle Benjamin"; trans. by Benj. R. Tucker. Illus., 12mo, pp. 288. The Merriam Co. \$1.25.
- The Documents in Evidence. By Henry M. Blossom, Jr. 4to, pp. 26. St. Louis: Baxton & Spinner. \$1.50.
- Under the Second Renaissance. By Florence Trail, author of "Studies in Criticism." 16mo, pp. 190. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton. \$1.
- A Likely Story: A Farce. By W. D. Howells. Illus., 24mo, pp. 52. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.
- Outrageous Fortune. By Edgar Fawcett, author of "The New Nero." 16mo, uncut, pp. 431. New York: The Concord Press. Paper, 50 cts.
- The Fair Maid of Perth; or, St. Valentine's Day. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh edition; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 467. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

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